

The TATLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1964.

London
February 15, 1939



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* * *
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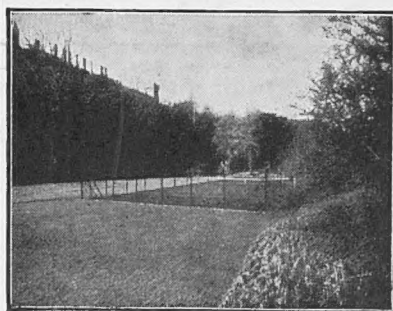
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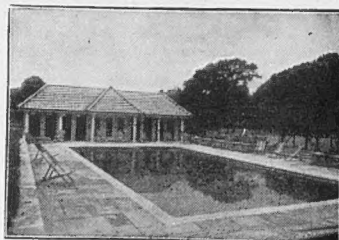
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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



Photo: Cecil Beaton

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR—A New Portrait

This portrait of the beautiful wife of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, with whom she is also seen in a photograph on the succeeding page, has only just been taken. The Duke and Duchess have spent much time recently at their villa at Cap d'Antibes and are moving into their new house in the Avenue Sauchet in Paris very shortly. The Duchess has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best dressed women in the world. The Duke, as every one knows, is an ardent golfer and is rapidly becoming first class at the game



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Cecil Deaton

Another new and happy picture, taken at their villa at Cap d'Antibes, where the Duke and Duchess entertained a large party at Christmas, among their guests being Lord and Lady Brownlow. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor will celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of his birthday in June, but continues to look remarkably young

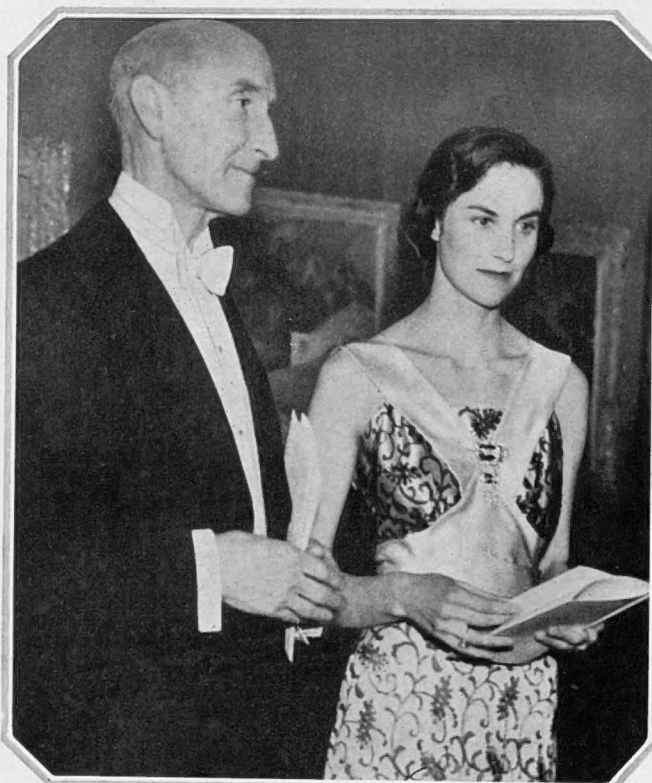
I AM mainly taking you over to America again this week as, alas, "flu" has claimed the London correspondent who is keeping my social seat warm, and America is very much in the news just now, so I make no excuse for going on, like every other visitor, about the magic of New York's winter scene; with snow iced to the sidewalks and lights twinkling in each storied tower as day turns to night, and the great buildings, left virtually empty, enter into their mysterious life. Manhattan pyramids! I would like to set you to music; paint you; turn you from stone and steel to immortal verse; but I am only a social commentator and late at that for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Sunday tea. The White Rabbit was no more anxious about the Duchess's party than I am to make a polite impression, for not only is Mrs. Vanderbilt the reigning queen, with her rose-pink, beaded bandeau and her ambassadors (there are always a couple of Excellencies at 640 Fifth Avenue—one coming, one going between flunkies), but it ill behoves a tourist to show the smallest discourtesy to Mrs. Vanderbilt or anybody else in this courteous, hospitable country. At a time when the two greatest democracies are trying to get together on big issues it is essential to let up picking on each other's quaint foibles. We must stop writing the equivalent of Margaret Halsey's amusing book about England—*With Malice Toward Some*. The British Empire has everything to gain by winning the confidence and the backing of the United States so, putting it at its lowest, we should behave nicely in America if we want America to help us. I am not going to censor myself here or anywhere else; but I am not going to think up catty or

And the World said—



SHE STEPS TO CONQUER

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes learning the latest dance steps from her son-in-law, Comte Castéja, on a gala night at Monte Carlo's Sporting Club. As usual, Lord De Ramsey's aunt by marriage was the very glass of fashion. Note that the tiny puff sleeve of her cunningly-banded black and red satin dress is in the singular; her hair is "up" of course.



Swaeb

AT THE DICKENS BIRTHDAY DINNER

Lord Lytton and his younger daughter, Lady Erne, were two of the distinguished company gathered at Princes on February 7 to celebrate, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, the 127th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. Many descendants of the great novelist were present, and his daughter-in-law, Lady Dickens, was a specially-honoured guest

controversial remarks about my hosts and hostesses. Oddly enough they would resent it, as I should resent it bitterly if they did the same by me next London Season. Washington in general, and the White House in particular, is very bitter about an English writer who commented on a private dance of Mrs. Roosevelt's, which is contrary to established etiquette and has revived Lord Donegall's admirable treatise on the harm done by mixing the social and journalistic aspects. This incident caused Mrs. Roosevelt to write a six-page letter on the subject some weeks later (and she is not easily irritated, on the contrary) to her aunt in New York, who read it to my hostess, Mrs. Victor Morawetz, as a warning against harbouring columnists. Mrs. Morawetz, having won the *Legion d'Honneur* for tending wounded under fire, is a brave woman so I was not turned out on to the Madison Avenue, but this decided me against putting any strain on

friends at the British Embassy by staying with them *en route*, consequently you must be deprived of news from the Capital and next week's chronicle will continue from that spot which is forever England—Palm Beach, Fla.

It was the Belgian Ambassador who partook of Mrs. Vanderbilt's brown bread and butter that day, while Mr. Henry Hammond, formerly U.S. Ambassador to Madrid; Mr. Sumner Gerard, whose brother was American Ambassador to Germany at the beginning of the War; Mr. Gouverneur Morris and Mr. "Bill" Hoffman made conversation among the knick-knacks which include signed photographs of every European Royalty you can think of and several whose existence I had forgotten. "Jimmy" Beck brought his pretty twenty-year-old daughter Nina, also decorative Mrs. Dewey from Washington who was talking about Mrs. Harold Talbott's new baby (she is a famous American beauty and he played polo *chez nous*), while politically-minded Mrs. Preston Davie described the costume party she is giving, which brings me to the laugh Café Society has had on me. I wrote Elsa Maxwell's fancy-dress affair in the past tense, and then it never took place. In future I shall remember Michael Arlen's "Never believe anything unless you see it with your own eyes"—by the way Hollywood must film his *Flying Dutchman*; Mr. Cherry and Edward Everett Horton being synonymous. But if Cholly Knickerbocker & Co. are having a dig at "Old Tatler," as they call me, it is a friendly one and I feel sure of another New York welcome in the future, though Hollywood may not exactly throw its arms round my neck next time; as it reported me saying the last film I saw was *The Covered Wagon*. The most interesting play in New York, which I trust comes to London with its fine Negro cast, is *Mamba's Daughter* by Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward, the delightful married authors of *Porgy*. Nothing could be more melodramatic than the plot which gives Ethel Waters, erstwhile hot blues singer, a supreme chance to wring every heart with her dumb heroic mother-love, and something more. It is a great performance which would make London cry just as it touched a black, white and parti-coloured Broadway audience, which included the leonine American poet, Max Eastman, who thinks "Robbie Burns" the most delightfully humorous British poet

(food for reflection there), and a popular ex-débutante, Louise Whitehouse, who now works in a flower shop sending off gardenias to Gotham's glamour girls and boys. She is a niece of Mrs. Henry Coventry, consequently a cousin of Diana Mason, and—good news—is coming across this summer with her father, whose father



A NEW ONE ON US

Some of the Hampshire hounds being introduced to Miss Wilhelmina Van Haeften's parrot when they met last week at Hockley House, home of the Rev. L. E. Corbett. Miss Van Haeften is the popular only daughter of Lady Ley, of Pitt Manor, and niece of Sir Philip Brocklehurst

was Ambassador to what Americans punctiliously call "The Court of St. James'." Another interesting play is *Here Come the Clowns* through which no London audience would sit because the author, Philip Barry, does not sugar his pill. It is beautifully acted, or could not have lasted even here. The prodding of the characters by the "Illusionist" is so acute that they seem to burst like sawdust dolls—the Dwarf, the Ventriloquist, the Stage-hand, and the rest, all desperately unhappy and seeking release from their puppet state. I do not pretend to understand the metaphysics of this uncomfortable, unforgettable, play. That gay Irish play, *Spring Meeting*, with Gladys Cooper and Jean Cadell, is much liked and some New Yorkers think highly of *Dear Octopus*, more highly perhaps than it deserves, while *Oscar Wilde*, with gifted Robert Morley, provides biographic contrast to Maurice Evans's *Hamlet* and to an excellent Abraham Lincoln play, which might travel well. Play talk reminds me that Mrs. Gilbert Miller was lunching at the Colony with a new hair-do and Mrs. James Forrestal lunched with Mr. Parera whose wife, Grace Moore, has

been singing *Louise* at the Metropolitan. The Marquis Melchior de Polignac was with Count Pecci-Blunt whose famous 1938 baroque party in Italy never happened—like Miss Maxwell's only more so. Beth Leary, who is positively coming to London this year, was with Mrs. James B. Farley whose husband, the Postmaster-General, may be the next President. Maybe. Another eating the Colony's celebrated breast of chicken hash was Dorothy Mackail who came from Yorkshire and did well in Hollywood. She is now a lady of



Bassano

MRS. GEOFFREY HOWARD

The former Miss Katharine Fullerton, whose marriage to Captain Geoffrey C. Howard, the Black Watch, only son of Commander and Mrs. Charles Howard, of Stow Hall, Kings Lynn, took place yesterday, February 14, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the only child of Admiral Sir Eric and the Hon. Lady Fullerton, of Snore Hall, Downham Market, and granddaughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Lord "Jackie" Fisher



AT THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY MEETING

The Hon. Mrs. "Toby" Whetherly and Mr. Toni Phillips feeling fine in fine weather at Tweseldown, where good chasing was had. Mrs. Whetherly, who is the wife of Captain W. E. S. Whetherly, King's Dragoon Guards, was the Hon. Rosemary Lever until last October

And the World said—*continued*

fashion with a fish-net veil draped like an Arab burnous.

All the hats in New York have suddenly acquired flowing appendages—very early Robert Hitchens. Mrs. Harriet Harriman, smart and radiantly happy, with a pair of new feather diamond clips, was in the company of Mrs. Winston, whom Simon Elwes is painting. Also there—that *piquante* brunette Mrs. Ruth (ex-"Mike") Wardell; and the Byron Foys (Chryslers) who gave a party with three cabarets, a swing *maestro* (they treat these boys like Toscanini, plus Kreisler), and a live eagle who put on an act. This was a typically Café Society party, but the Old Guard, as Cholly Knickerbocker calls the more dignified element, was not to be outdone. Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, who expects to take a house in London again this year (she shared Alys, Lady Bingham's last season) had a dinner of no less than forty-eight at the Regency Club, the great backgammon haunt. Guests, who outstayed the hostess, vowed they would never disclose the time of the last throw, which was five a.m.! Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Frederic N. Watriss (mother of Brenda Frazier, the leading débutante, and daughter of Lady Williams-Taylor of Nassau), and Baronin Eugen von Rothschild wearing all her eight ropes of egg-like pearls were present, also the hostess's stepdaughter Gräfin Ferdinand Colloredo-Mannsfeld, who used to be one of the three leaders of Viennese Society, in those thrilling post-war years when *Wien* was still wonderful. The others were the aforesaid Baronin, then "Kitty" von Schönborn, and the first Lady (Thomas) Montgomery Cuninghame. Nora Colloredo-Mannsfeld gave a gay dancing party in New York last month at which the "Archie" Roosevelts were in tremendous form. He is the President's discriminating and amusing first-cousin, and she is so Boston that she might be Devonshire, if you know what I mean. Their bright, hopeful, "Archie Junior," is just going to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar where, if he has inherited his father's lightning mind, he should make his mark. Mrs. "Jimmie" Roosevelt is another charmer, young, delicate and flower-like, with rare distinction. It is said she told her celebrated mother-in-law that being a Roosevelt is very hard work. To which the First Lady is supposed to have responded—"My child; don't try." They are certainly a dynamic family, possessed of



THE NEW TURKISH AMBASSADOR

His Excellency Dr. Tevfik Rüstü Aras photographed with Lieutenant-General Sir Sidney Clive while on his way to Buckingham Palace to present his Letters of Credence to H.M. the King as Turkish Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's. His Excellency was formerly Turkey's Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sir Sidney Clive has been His Majesty's Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps since 1934

a swing session from him. However, there is no waning in the St. Moritz season, where my night-shift reports



STILL CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS AT CRUFT'S

Exquisite Model of Ware, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's cocker spaniel bitch, winner of the premier award at Cruft's Show last week for the second year in succession, with the Keddell Memorial Trophy which she holds for another twelve months. In the home circle at Swakeley's Farm, Ickenham, Middlesex, this extremely engaging lady, aged three and a half, is known as Sheila. She is a very special friend of Miss Jennifer Lloyd, her owner-breeder's daughter, who is some eighteen months her junior

exceptional mental energy and physical mobility. Mr. "Archie" Roosevelt was only a boy when he went to France, and was horribly badly wounded, but it did not quell his fighting

spirit. "I shall always think like an infantry soldier," he said, "that's why I worry when the experts reckon Munich lost the Allies thirty-six divisions." Work that out. We agreed that so long as France is France—the greatest infantry country ever—England and America need not get the wind up. Just get together navies, air forces and money; and sit tight. It sounds swell. Let's hope it happens and that the Royal Visit cements the great accord so that no storms in tea-cups can come between us again. Judging by the welcome New York gave the Edens (they called him "St. George and England") the welcome to King George and Queen Elizabeth will be heard all over the world. So be it.

Although I hear numbers of Scots are looking forward to the Highland Ball at Claridge's on the 17th, London night life is not very exciting, and it is sad news for Mayfair dancers that Jack Jackson is leaving the Dorchester, but good news for the débutantes, as they can now induce "Mama" to have him play at their ball—as to myself I shall be happy if, on my return, I can listen-in occasionally to great goings-on, particularly in the Palace Embassy, where Mrs. Gustave Porgès and Princess Donskaia (perhaps better remembered as the former Lady Deterding), are hostesses to large parties. Another gay spot is the Chesa Veglia, where Mr. and Mrs. "Nicky" Embiricos (he belongs to the well-known Greek shipping family, and she was Anne Graham of the Monte Carlo Follies), were recent hosts. Their guests included Princess Aspasia of Greece with daughter Princess Alexandra, who will doubtless be one of the most fêted débutantes of the year, with her beauty and quiet manner; Captain "Babe" Barnato with daughter Diana who has come on from Klosters to join him; Miss Lorna Harmsworth, one of the keenest bobsbers; and such popular *beaux* as Prince Valdemar of Hesse, Prince Henry II of Reuss (both scions of famous German houses), and Mr. Ralph Harbord who is on every party.

* * *

Pictures of the Taunton Races are unavoidably and regrettably held over till next week's issue.

"BLOODY, BUT UNBOWED"



ALEX HENSHAW—THE SOLO FLIGHT HERO

To beat the England to the Cape and back record by 1 day, 6 hours and 45 minutes is in itself a great achievement, but to win through in spite of being a wounded man and with an attack of malaria upon him is an even greater one. Alex Henshaw was only partially conscious when he was lifted from his Percival "Mew Gull" plane at Gravesend last Thursday, February 9, and that he could land at all in the circumstances is an index of his pluck and endurance. Alex Henshaw got his injuries in a bumpy period towards the end of the flight: had this happened earlier, it is more than likely that he would never have arrived at all. The whole world takes off its hat in admiration of a very gallant feat

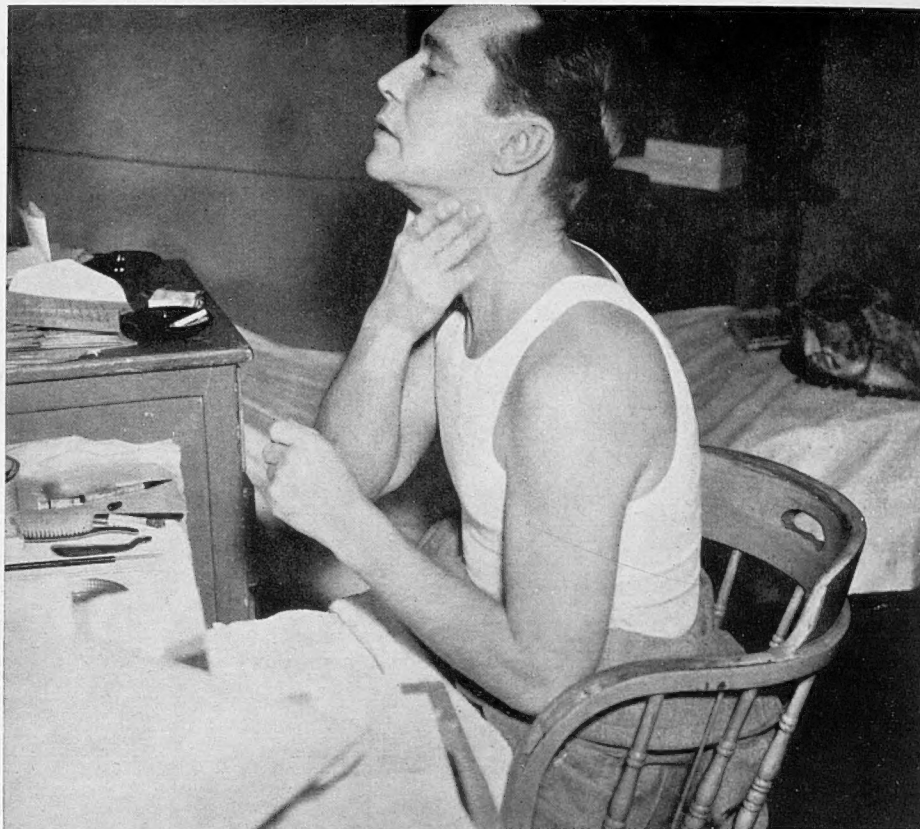
THE CINEMA

At the New Gallery

By JAMES AGATE

IN both the films I saw the other day at the New Gallery there is a barge, wherry, or schooner, and in the name given to the vessel in each case I see typified what appears to be the perpetual difference between English and American film-making. For the vessel in the English-made *Old Bones of the River* is called the "Zaire," while that in the Hollywood-manufactured *Prison Break* is the "Liberty." Now, since the latter film is concerned with a deep-sea fisherman, who is sent to prison under suspicion of having killed his sweetheart's brother, there is a pretty ironic point in the name of his craft. But what on earth is the point of calling the vessel manned by Messrs. Will Hay, Graham Moffatt, and Moore Marriott the "Zaire"? With that touching faith in human endeavour which some of my friends consider to be the most beautiful trait in my character, I said to myself: "Zaire? Zaire? Surely there cannot be a subtle reference to Voltaire's not very readable tragedy of that name, which the *Comédie Française* played in London during the season of 1879 when they first brought Sarah Bernhardt to London?" I hastened to find my not very thumbed volume of Voltaire's tragedies. But alas, there was no conceivable reference in the lines of the play, and the little lamp of my touching faith was extinguished by their dust!

Going back into the past served the purpose of reminding me of something I have long wanted to say. This is, that all farces, whether on the stage or the screen, are far too long. In the comparatively civilized year referred to above, you would find any typical playbill to have a farce as a mere one-act afterpiece following on a full-length tragedy or comedy, classical or modern. Farces, in short, used to last half-an-hour, just as they did in the early days of the cinema. When Charlie Chaplin, or Harold Lloyd, or whoever it was, first devised the full-length farce in the cinema, a law ought straightway to have been passed to permit of these being made only by comic geniuses. For myself I would have restricted them to Chaplin alone, and forced every other kind of comic effort to cut itself down to a maximum of half-an-hour. *Old Bones of the River* shows at its worst extreme the result of this salutary rule never having been made. Mr. Hay can be a delightful comedian, but his material here is unworthy, unfunny, and quite idiotically prolonged. The film is a not very recognizable adaptation from Edgar Wallace's Sanders stories, in which an absurd Professor travels to the Gold Coast to educate native children who are already educated beyond his intelligence. A brief farce on these lines might easily have been made into something delectable on the familiar music-hall lines, and the scene in which Mr. Hay tries to inculcate the alphabet to a classroom full of charming piccaninnies clad only in white collars and school-satchels is full of the old fun. But soon we are jostled out of this into a serious tale of native dissension with the most powerful chief's brother arriving from England, having sufficiently educated himself there to smuggle a gin-distilling machine to his tribe. All this would be admirable on Rider Haggard lines if we were given any chance to take it seriously. The war-dances and sacrificial ceremonies are vividly managed and photographed, and there is a great amount of the peculiar thrill that can always be got out of the tom-tom. But over and over again when we are just about to surrender to these boyish excitements and hope the manly uncultured chief will wean his people away from their gin and from his dastardly cultured brother—over and over again we are dragged back to that ridiculous barge. Even though Mr. Hay is in command—the commissioner being laid low with a high fever—we get less and less pleasure



FRANCHOT TONE PUTS ON THE WAR PAINT FOR "THE GENTLE PEOPLE"

The hero of so many first-class films has temporarily given up the screen for the "Boards," and is playing a leading rôle in *The Gentle People* at the Belasco Theatre in New York. The last picture he made for M-G-M before going into this play was *The Awakening of Katrina*, in which he partnered Franciska Gaal. This new play is one of those gay Continental affairs about nothing in particular, but all very amusing and requiring no concentration

out of the river-voyage. It is so manifestly the Thames near Staines or Shepperton with an occasional palm-leaf stuck into the grass to give local colour the moment anybody wants to land. And the fooling on the vessel is never really very inventive, and never the least little bit witty. The three go finally ashore, interrupt an alarming native ceremony, and run off with a naked baby which is about to be offered up to a native god. There follows business of three men bathing the black baby in a tin bath, which is so unfunny and so protracted that it must make even the youngest and whitest person in the audience parentally indignant. All the faults and all the virtues of this film are strikingly united in the last scene in which a horde of native warriors besiege a fortress held by our three desperate comedians. It is as if the Marx Brothers should take the principal parts in *Bengal Lancer*, except that that would be much funnier.

The other film, *Prison Break*, appears in part to be propaganda against the American law attaching to prisoners released on parole. The hero, exceedingly well played by Mr. Barton MacLane, is a Portuguese-Irishman called Joaquin Shannon, whose name is universally pronounced as if it were Watkin. As I have already indicated he is wrongly accused of a murder and sentenced to a year in gaol. Another culprit called Red follows him, and as the two cannot keep their hands off each other their sentences are extended. Red is also exceedingly well played. But as the New Gallery has no programme, what, I ask once again, is one to do about it? All the prison routine and rioting is done with the usual American masterliness in these matters. Joaquin suffers a good deal of injustice, but is finally released after serving two years. The film is by no means over with his arrival at his sweetheart's gate, though I very nearly left it there to escape the ineluctable close-up. Instead we go on to an interesting and unexpected stretch of propaganda in which we are shown the peculiar and heartbreaking difficulties of a man unjustly accused who honestly wants work. There is surely a case to be made, too, for the man justly accused who honestly wants work when his sentence is served. But we really cannot go into that now! Joaquin is forced to take to the bad again, and, indignant or unindignant, we have to admit that the final fight of the two old enemies in a schooner in deep waters is as genuinely exciting as the African insurrection might so easily have been.

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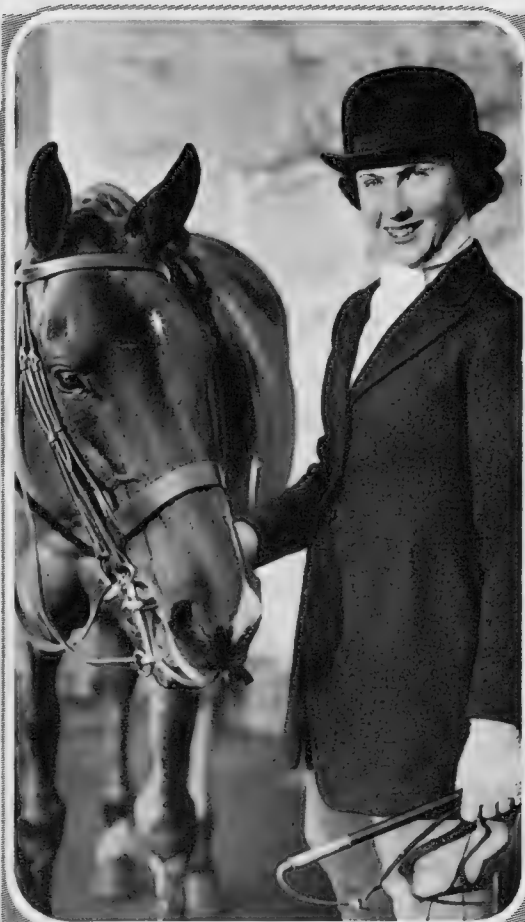
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WE FOXHUNTERS :

RECENT FIXTURES



MAJOR STIRLING AND LADY NORTHEK
AT THE COTTESMORE MEET AT PICKWELL



YOUNG AUTHOR MISS MARY COLVILLE
HUNTS WITH THE LINLITHGOW AND
STIRLINGSHIRE IN WEST LOTHIAN



WITH THE COTTESMORE AT PICKWELL :
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GRAFTON



MORE COTTESMORE: LADY BURGHELEY TALKING TO
LIEUT.-COL. SIR RAYMOND GREENE AT PICKWELL



THE SOUTH WOLD AT PARTNEY: MAJOR N. ST. V. R.
STEWART RIDING WITH THE MASTER, MISS E. ADAMS

Recent hunting appointments in Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Scotland were the cause of this agreeable sporting gallery. After their Wire Fund Ball, held by the courtesy of Colonel John Gretton at Stapleford Park, the Cottesmore met at Pickwell, near Melton. Lady Northesk brought a smart ocelot coat up from the Garth country and appeared to enjoy her day, though scent proved poor. The Duchess of Gloucester's sister, Lady Burghley, motored from Wakerley, which is on the Cottesmore-Fitzwilliam border and a meet common to both packs. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Raymond Greene, who was Member for North Hackney for so many years, lives at Burrough-on-the-Hill, near Melton. The Duke of Grafton, owner of stately Euston Hall, in Norfolk, is also a Cottesmore covert-owner. Miss Mary Colville—whose Shetland-pony story, "Plain Jane," written and illustrated when she was only thirteen, was published just before Christmas—is the elder daughter of the Secretary of State for Scotland, Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. John Colville. The South Wold picture of the Master, Miss Ena Adams, and the Hon. Secretary was taken at Partney on the morning after their Hunt Ball



Butt

TWO GALLANT VETERANS

Colonel Arthur Dugdale, C.M.G., D.S.O., and his twenty-eight-year-old mare, Brown Bess, which he rode all through the war, in which he commanded the Oxfordshire Hussars. This picture was taken, very appropriately, on Colonel Dugdale's seventieth birthday, and the gallant old mare also looks full of heart

"Homely" Autobiography.

I MUST confess that I am becoming an almost insensate escapist. But what scarce remains otherwise for one of my age and generation to do? Of course, we can wallow deeper and deeper into the suspense, anxiety and general horror of the present state of, at least, the European portion of this homicidal world. Nevertheless, daily am I becoming more and more weary of a mental situation which represents nothing so much as an imminent consultation with a Harley Street specialist, during which life or death will be pronounced. Soon I shall become like the old lady of my acquaintance who, after the weather report, stuffs up her ears during the rest of the nightly depression issuing at nine o'clock on the National wave-length, and so goes to bed in a comparatively peaceful state of mind. I am even beginning to realise that the miser who puts his hard-earned savings into his bed-mattress has something to say for himself. Briefly, life is becoming so anxious and difficult, so without promise, so utterly devoid of any radiant hope for the future, that there seems nothing left to do except to escape, at least, in imagination, anywhere where people look as if they are, or were, leading sane, ordinary, fairly happy lives, in which the joy is the joy of living, the joy of beauty, the joy of knowledge, the joy of loving and being loved, the joy of building and creating, without the metaphorical shadow of earthquakes, thunder-storms, disaster, loss and untimely death gathering ominously upon every horizon that one can see; that is, apart from that loop-hole of escape which is, mostly, only of interest to undertakers. Again, a life wherein the sorrow in it is the inescapable sorrow of life and time, and not misery brought about by man in his apparently incurable lust for trampling and killing. Consequently, for me there appears no other alternative except to escape towards the temporary comfort brought into life by the endearing quality of Little Things.

After all, for example, war cannot extinguish the fire which is burning merrily at the moment in the grate. Neither can Hitler nor the Spanish situation sadden the omelette

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

which you have promised yourself for supper. Bulbs are just beginning to grow above ground in the garden. A black-bird, careless of the calendar, is singing on a neighbouring roof-top as if it were May, instead of February. There is an interesting programme on the wireless. The books you have loved, or still love, surround you. To-morrow a friend is coming to tea. From your bedroom window the moonlight has turned into a magical country an outlook which, but a few hours ago, was as dully drab and prosaic as any modern outskirts of a town can be, and usually are. Maybe, when you have curled yourself up in your warm bed you may go to sleep fairly quickly, while desperately pretending that life is as life should be, and, while imagining Arcadia, will lose consciousness. These little hot-water-bottle blisses, which once we took for granted during the average every-day of life, have now become drugs we cling to as just about the only immediate blessings which help to keep us sane. Otherwise, if you have not achieved a kind of Kismet in your heart and mind, you will likely become unbalanced altogether, with agony for yourself, and a consequent depression spreading over everyone else. From the newspaper in the morning to the last news bulletin at night there is not much else left to cheer you up, unless you do drug yourself by the comfort of passing pleasant little things. It is amusing to remember that once upon a time your personal happiness was expected, so to speak, to ascend a permanent throne. Now you are more than thankful merely if Mussolini and Hitler haven't said anything at all to-day, and the front-page news of your evening paper is only about some such comparatively peace-time interest as a ghastly murder!

Life has come, for most of us, to a pretty pass, hasn't it? No wonder we have—the majority of us—become escapologists. If we don't, at least in imagination, keep entering other worlds—forcibly entering them—there seems little else to do except to burn our boats behind us, go out and get drunk, or join some grim political association and yell in unison with our fellow-maniacs. No wonder I found Miss Netta Syrett's autobiography, "The Sheltering Tree" (Bles; 10s. 6d.), not only comforting, but most interesting. It is such a homely story she has to tell, with no blinding high-lights, but only a pleasant and varied atmosphere enveloping her personal narrative all the time. Maybe, it is not a book for the ups-and-downs—rather more for those who have upped and done! But it is not less delightful to read on that account. Perhaps, to a great extent, more so, for it gives a vivid description of a pre-war world; and a pre-war world, even for those who lived a great part of their lives in it, seems incredibly to have been worth living in and so difficult to believe! One didn't realise it at the time. But now...! That's the worst of life. One always has to lose—to know. So many blessings come either too soon or too late, and, in either case, they are rarely recognisable as blessings until they are gone beyond reprieve. No sense in it at all—unless, indeed, there is another life where experience can be of benefit.

Miss Syrett came of a large family, and a large family can safely be left to educate itself, so far as the formation of character is education. She was young in the days when the daughters of a father, comfortably off, stayed at home and helped mother. Nevertheless, her parents encouraged her to branch out for herself so soon as she had left school. They were modern in that practical, common-sense, untheoretical way which so few so-called modern parents are. Miss Syrett herself became a governess in a London school, and, through her friendship with the



Swaebe

ONE NIGHT IN TOWN

Mrs. Michael Stratton and Lord Bridport at that comfortable resort, the Café de Paris. Lord Bridport used to be in the Navy, and in 1937 the late Sir Alexander Nelson Hood's title of Duke of Brontë, together with the lands of the Duchy in Sicily, passed to him. The title and fief were granted to Admiral Lord Nelson in 1801

(Continued on page 288)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:

LADY CHARLOTTE NONE THE WORSE FOR HER FALL



THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND ONLY DAUGHTER,
LADY CHARLOTTE CHETWYND-TALBOT



THE HEIRESS AND FRIEND CHOOSE A SOFT SPOT



LADY SHREWSBURY AND HER DAUGHTER,
AND ALSO ON RIGHT

A dachshund nearly caused a baddish accident on the day Lord and Lady Shrewsbury's daughter was christened, as he got in the way and brought both the mother and child down, luckily—and thanks to Lady Shrewsbury's presence of mind—without any hurt. The christening took place in the pretty little Wren private church at Ingestre. Lord Shrewsbury succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather, who was the twentieth Earl in the premier Earldom of England. Lady Shrewsbury is the former Miss Nadine Crofton. The baby, who was born on November 18, was given the names of Charlotte Sarah Alexandra



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

late Mabel Beardsley, who was a fellow-teacher in the same school, she eventually found herself a member of that once famous Yellow Book set, of which Aubrey Beardsley's genius has made artistic history. Then she, herself, began to write those novels which still make her so popular among so many readers. Thus, apart from her own personal life, the autobiography becomes a first-hand description of literary London in the 'nineties and some years later.

This picture is especially interesting because she, herself, seemed to have the knack—and it is a knack, even though it be in reality an eager, human sympathy—of being able to draw out these once-famous literary figures, not when they were being famous, so to speak, but when they were being simple, every-day men and women. For example, her description of her meeting with Hardy has the intimacy of a quiet, personal chat between two friends; and just as the once great figures of a literary London are drawn cosily and humanly in this book, so equally—consequently, with so much more interest and amusement—we meet in the same illuminating way such smaller fry as charwomen, carpenters, and the passing acquaintances of what was, once upon a time, a day. It makes the book all very homely and interesting, because it is really rather a bore to meet, either in reality or in a book, well-known people all the time. And this is where "The Sheltering Tree" is so much more endearing as an autobiography than many a more sensational volume. To read it gives one rather the impression of sitting with the writer before a cosy fire while she relates the chief incidents of a long, interesting, varied, and, apparently, happy life, interspersed, too, with amusing anecdotes. As, for example, these two specimens of unconscious humour. Both relate to "chars": "Of a little granddaughter we were told 'she made a lovely end, sayin' the Lord's Prayer and the multiplication table up to seven times, till the last . . .'" And: "'Do you think many working people will make use of this divorce business if it becomes law?' I asked a maid when there was talk of legal help for the poor in that connection. 'Every one in our street,' she returned cheerfully."

Thoughts from "The Sheltering Tree."

"There is the vulgar type and the aristocratic type, and each of them can be found in all so-called classes, be they high or low."

"I confess that while I like and admire certain individuals, viewed in the mass I often find myself detesting them."

"It is emotion experience has taught me, not knowledge, that sways the political fanatic, whether of the 'Left' or the 'Right.'"

"A bad accent, slipshod diction, and an ugly quality of voice seem no bar to social promotion nowadays."

Poor Lady Nelson.

Poor Lady Nelson has never had justice done to her. The discarded wives of famous men, especially heroes, rarely, if ever, have. I suppose it would be difficult to combine the heroic with the sordid and yet make a glorious legend of the result! At all costs the hero must be exonerated. So the wife of Nelson has been pushed into the back-ground of the Nelson legend as a dull, obscure and frumpish figure

who, in everything she said or did, justified Lady Hamilton. Happily, "Nelson's Wife" (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), by E. M. Keate, is, at least, a brave and honest attempt to do the poor woman justice. She may not have been glamorous, but during the difficult years when Nelson returned home from Santa Cruz, minus an arm, and considering himself to be no longer of use to his country and a burden to his friends, his wife nursed him back to health and spirits, and comforted him and encouraged him during these dark days. Until the advent of Lady Hamilton they had the reputation of being a devoted couple. Maybe had it not been Emma it would have been some other woman, because the real tragedy of Lady Nelson was that she loved her husband more than he loved her. Most women can carry off the contrary emotional relationship fairly well; men rarely ever, especially famous and successful men. Some women can find it quite easy to love fame or success. I have not yet heard an authentic account of a man loving a woman purely for the self-same reason alone. However, beside the glamour of Lady Hamilton poor Lady Nelson stood no chance. And, having stood no

chance, legend has sought to justify her complete estrangement from her husband as her own fault. Yet she had many virtues, and she was both good and kind, as her care of her ailing father-in-law proves. No, the real cleavage was simply another woman. Well, that has happened before, but what was unusual even in this usual tragedy was the way in which Nelson treated his wife after his liaison had become public property. It really looked as if he expected his wife to accept the whole affair as quietly and as ignominiously as did Sir William Hamilton. Because she refused thus to submit, her conduct injured the egotism which was part of Nelson's psychological make-up. He never forgave her, as egotists rarely do. Lady Nelson's biographer must have found the task difficult, because material is so scanty. Nevertheless, she has given us a very interesting and illuminating bit of history, and she has made it all the more effective because never once does she throw mud either at Nelson or Lady Hamilton. She shows that the domestic tragedy was inevitable, but she also shows that in that inevitability Lady Nelson cannot be blamed. It was just a tragedy of temperament, circumstances and pride.



THE WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. LESLIE GRAY-CHEAPE

Cutting the cake with the bridegroom's sword after their quiet wedding at St. Mary's, Builth Wells. It was quiet on account of the recent death of the bride's mother. The bride's father is Captain E. Aubrey Thomas, and the bridegroom the son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. A. Gray-Cheape and Mrs. Gray-Cheape, and a nephew of the famous international polo player, the late Captain Leslie Cheape, K.D.G.'s, who was originally in the Seaforth Highlanders, in which regiment his nephew is now serving in Glasgow

Good Story-telling.

Cecil Roberts's new novel, "They Wanted to Live" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) is the story of Jim Brown, the railway porter, whom every reader of his previous book, "Victoria 4.30," will remember. Here he has won a thousand-pound prize in a football pool and proceeds to do what he has always wished—namely, marry his sweetheart, Lizzie, and to travel on that 4.30 express to the Continent, which he has seen off so many times in his capacity as railway-porter, and always with envy of those who travelled on it. Jim Brown is a nice, sensible chap, and even when, at the end, the wheel of fortune having turned a complete circle, he is once more back on the railway, one knows he will, nevertheless, make a good job of his future life. His experiences abroad—and they are exciting as well as amusing—make up one of those satisfying, "meaty" stories of which, nowadays, too few are written, and which, in this case, is told in the best possible way. If you want to read a story which really is a story—a whole meal, rather than a snack—here is one as good as you will find at the moment.

NAAS GOES JUMPING



NEWLY-MARRIEDS: MR. AND MRS. DERMOT McGILLYCUDDY, MR. ERIC HARCOURT WOOD AND FRIEND



RECENTLY ENGAGED: MISS PATRICIA O'MAHONY



WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMEN: SIR JAMES NELSON, MR. JOHN E. O'BRIEN, MR. M. P. BURNS AND MR. TOM WALLS



A FAMOUS DUBLIN HOSTESS AND HER SON: LADY NIXON AND MR. CHRISTOPHER NIXON



THE OWNER OF ROYAL DANIELI: MR. H. C. McNALLY



MRS. HUGH MAGUIRE AND COUNTESS TAAFFE DO A BIT OF WINNER-SPOTTING

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

This was the first meeting to be held since the Government of Eire announced a £10,000 subsidy for racing. Sir Alexander Maguire's Workman, who was third in last year's National, had an easy win from Mr. A. Barry's Astrom in the Naas Plate. Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy had just returned from their honeymoon and came over from Donadea Castle, where they have taken up their residence. Miss Patricia O'Mahony has just announced her engagement to Captain Richard Page, R.A. She is the daughter of The O'Mahony of Kerry and Madam O'Mahony of County Wicklow. Sir James Nelson had a winner in the Sallins Plate with Danemore. Mr. John O'Brien, who is a steward of the National Hunt Steeplechase Committee, is a nephew of Sir Timothy O'Brien. Mr. M. P. Burns is the celebrated sporting writer, and Mr. Tom Walls, of course, needs no introduction. Sir Christopher Nixon's wife was with her son, Mr. Christopher Nixon, heir to the baronetcy. Royal Danieli, runner-up in last year's Grand National, is said to be a doubtful starter this year. Bad luck for the owner, Mr. McNally (see above), if this proves to be true. Mrs. Maguire is Sir Alexander Maguire's daughter-in-law and likewise a keen racegoer. Countess Taaffe is the wife of Count Taaffe, whose ancestors held the Taaffe Viscounty



PERSONALITIES AT THE STONEHAM GOLF CLUB ANNUAL DINNER: BY "MEL"

This annual reunion was held at the South Western Hotel, Southampton, a congenial and very good spot, and was very well attended by all the main props and stays of the Club. It is an excellent organisation and has a membership which includes many famous personalities. The President of the Club, who was in the chair, is Mr. J. E. A. Willis Fleming, D.L., J.P. The important toast of "The Club" was entrusted to Commander R. T. C. Roe, R.N., Hon. Sec. of the Professional Golfers' Association

The key to the picture is: (l. to r.) Paymaster Lieut. H. C. Lyddon, R.N. (captain, Hampshire Rugby XV.), Comdr. R. T. C. Roe, R.N., Mr. H. Pentelow (Sec.), Mr. J. E. A. Willis Fleming (President), Captain W. S. Gray, R.N. (captain of the Club), Mr. F. S. Thatcher (ex-captain), Mr. M. H. Pugh (a former Mayor of Southampton), Mr. G. W. Lucas, L. B. Ayton (junior professional of the Club), and (in front) Mr. E. J. Taylor (an original member)

I HAVE been to ten countries in my time in search of golf, but India, I regret, is not one of them. The other day I was talking to Alec Hill, who went to the United States with the 1936 Walker Cup team. He had just returned from India, where he had taken part in the Amateur Championship on the Royal Calcutta course. He was beaten, incidentally, in the semi-final by T. S. Prosser, who is probably coming over to play in our championship this year. Hill's description of the Royal Calcutta links was most enthusiastic. "Absolutely first class," he said, "quite long, quite difficult, and in perfect condition—and all grass." A recent picture on this page, I gather, gave the impression that the greens on which they played the championship were composed of sand, or dust, or clay, or whatever it is you have to use sometimes in very hot countries. They are not: they are made of grass. A feature of the course at Calcutta are the hazards known as "tanks." Resembling outsize editions of the South Downs dewponds, eighty yards across, their purpose is to collect water. The people out there, reports Hill, are "quite fantastically keen on golf."

After playing no more than a dozen rounds since October, I find myself becoming almost keen on the game again. Last week-end's sunshine brought golfers out like flies, but none of them can have found two better courses than the Old and the New at Addington, where we had a match against Cambridge. We played the foursomes on one and the singles on the other, and it is a long time since I saw two courses play to such an ideal length, each abounding in long two-shot holes where only two of the best would do. What a travesty the game has become that it should be a matter of comment when a course plays to the length designed by the architect!

I hope that the good weather continues, for the sake not only of the week-end golfer, but also of the professionals, who

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

have had the barrenest time they remember since the war. Even Fred Robson, who at Addington has what is reckoned one of the best jobs round London, has been feeling the draught, and has already had to dismiss two of his assistants. His weekly bill

in the shop was £20—and in the dark days there was practically nothing coming in. Henry Cotton, the name of whose assistant-to-be was the subject of much speculation, stated that until things got a good deal better he could not possibly contemplate taking on anyone in place of W. Laidlaw. A last-minute change of heart, however, persuaded him to sign on T. B. Haliburton, who is at present professional to the St. Nicholas Club at Prestwick. Haliburton's was the very last of upwards of 100 applications for this post, and Cotton only received his letter as he was leaving for his music-hall trip to Glasgow. Haliburton, at twenty-three, is Champion of Ayrshire and of the West of Scotland, and was runner-up in the Scottish Championship. He distinguished himself in the Open last year at Sandwich by holing St. George's in 72 and 74 on the first two days. Like the rest of them, he was blown to blazes on the final day. His desire to sacrifice a professional post to become another man's assistant shows the depression from which professional golf is suffering in Scotland. Nobody buys new clubs at the moment, and even the old stand-by, the sale of balls, has dwindled to wretched proportions, largely because local stores habitually sell two-shilling balls at 19s. a dozen—which a professional is not permitted to do. For myself, I think that young Haliburton has made the wisest move of his career. He will have the opportunity of studying at close hand not only the golfing methods, but also, which is at least as important, the business technique of the most successful golfing-business-man of the day. He has signed on for a minimum of two years. Those two years may be the foundation of a brilliant golfing career. (Continued on page 322)

PAGES FROM MEL'S SKETCH BOOK



THE CHESTER CITY CLUB DINNER—BY "MEL"

The Chester City Club recently held its 132nd Anniversary Dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester. About one hundred and forty members and their guests attended this ever enjoyable function. The Club is non-political in character, and has among its members well-known personalities in all spheres of the City and County. The Guest of Honour on this occasion was Sir Thomas Brocklebank, who is most enthusiastic about Soccer football and is the chairman of the Chester Football Club. Among those present were Tom Coulthwaite, the famous veteran N.H. trainer of Grakle, winner of the Grand National for Mr. R. C. Taylor in 1931

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 284)

From the Warwickshire—(Continued).

but as soon as this was lapped up off we trotted to the long-suffering vale, and, after an invigorating dart of twenty minutes from Watt's Gorse, tapped a fox out of Anthony's tree. There was a touch of cat or squirrel about him as, before long, he was up another tree, but couldn't quite suit himself there, so down he came and gave us a steeplechase to Fulready Rough: close on a six-mile point in forty minutes. One blown-up and damaged steed after another sought sanctuary in Gugs's stables. It was "good enough," and we don't often admit that before twilight. So hounds turned for home about three o'clock.

Next day again up into deep snow on Brailes Hill. Hardly had they put in by Jenny Swift when a fox, who evidently realised that whatever business he had up there had better be wound up quickly, went headlong for the Vale. Some hung back, as it was unbelievable that a Brailes fox would leave the mountains without a struggle. Anyhow, on and on and on he drove, straight down the Red Horse Vale, the end of it being that, after reaching and running the full length of, first, Itchington Holt, then Chesterton Wood, he got to ground under a tree in the middle of a field after leading us over twenty miles of grass country and nearly twelve miles in a straight line from where they found. Every hound up bar a couple. Second horses, and the next draw ten miles away, and so again hounds turned for home before three o'clock; and such telephoning and SOS messages for horse-boxes never was.

From the Grafton.

We have again been in the throes of uncertainty and a return to arctic conditions. However, on Monday they met at Farthingstone, from where they had a very fair day, though snow was still lying about on the high ground. Finding in Knightley Wood, they ran to Mantle's Heath, and on through Everdon Stubbs, and then in a ring round and nearly to Weedon, then back again to Mantle's Heath. This is a difficult bit of country, and only a few lived with hounds. They then ran to High Wood and back to Everdon Stubbs and on to Newnham to mark their fox to ground. They chopped another in the kale just before drawing Stowe, where they found and ran to ground. Poor "Artie" had a nasty fall on the flat, breaking his collar-bone and cracking a rib. We wish him a speedy recovery. Cars on the road were a great nuisance, and there are too many who don't understand the rules of hunting and interfere with sport. No more hunting was possible (owing to weather conditions plus foot-and-mouth) till Saturday, when the meet was at Roade. Hounds ran an "inner circle" in the morning, and Frankie and Ewen saw most of the fun, but the rest of the field seemed to have lost them, and ran an "outer circle." Phillip's horse chested some rusty wire, tipping him on to his head on the other side, and we imagine a very stiff neck was the result.

From Lincolnshire.

There was much weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth on Friday, February 3, when the Belvoir found it impossible to keep their appointment at Newton House, owing to the severity of the overnight frost. This was the second time this season Sir Oliver and Lady Welby were prevented from offering a welcome to the field—a pleasure, however, only deferred! A quick change in our fickle climate enabled all the county packs to resume on the Saturday, but scent, unfortunately, was then next to nil, and all but the Blankney failed to do any good. The Belvoir, for example, could hardly walk after their foxes from Orston Hall, where the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were amongst a disappointed field. Blankney followers had a regular pipe-opener from Cockburn's, although it came late in the day. Hounds ran beautifully over some choice country in the Vale for forty minutes, and their fox only missed discomfiture by chancing upon an open earth near Coleby when done to a turn.

From the York and Ainsty.

Both packs were out on Thursday (February 2), the Northerners having quite an enjoyable, if very local, day from Ripley. Cayton Gill, as usual, held several foxes, one of which gave hounds a ringing hunt of about

forty-five minutes before they caught him, after which they caught another in the Gill. The South pack met—for the first time this season—at Wheldrake Wood, where they found at least two brace of foxes and spent some time hunting them in covert with an indifferent scent, and at last had to leave them. Rest of the day also blank! We woke next day to find a very sharp frost, and neither pack was able to hunt on Saturday (February 4).

Like many other hunts, we now have an increasing number of people from other hunts who are enabled, by means of horse-boxes and trailers, to get many more days with us than used to be the case in former years. In the far-off pre-war days any member of a Yorkshire hunt was allowed to have any number of free days with adjacent packs. Such a member nearly always hacked to the meet, and only visited the neighbouring pack when it was within hacking distance of his home. Soon after the war this friendly mutual arrangement came to an end, unfortunately, and was replaced by a rule allowing members of adjacent packs to hunt at a reduced rate, provided they were liberal supporters of their own hounds. This was meant for the man living near the boundary, who could thus go with the neighbouring hunt when they met near the frontier, which was never more than once a week, if as often. But the advent of the horse-box means that you can, if you like, desert your own hounds (when you don't like the country they're in on some particular day, or if they're having a spell of bad luck) and cruise off to the adjacent hounds when they're in their best country.

All great fun, of course, but it means that there are many more followers in the best bits of country and, therefore, more damage, and it's becoming a question whether the mechanised gentleman (or lady) from a long way off shouldn't pay a bit more.

From the Pytchley.

Starting with the week of January 30, the first part of Monday morning was spent chasing local Pitsford foxes around the village and neighbouring Vale fields. Then, hoping for better things, they drew Holcut covert and ran well in a circle towards Scaldwell, through Walgrave Gorse, to finish at Old. Audrey caused a sensation by having a nasty fall and lying as if dead for a quarter of an hour. Ernest was again among the casualties. A great many strangers out on Wednesday, at Everdon. A very enjoyable hunt from Badby Wood round Snorescomb, through Fawsley Park and on to the Charwelton road, Pamela, from Brockhall, getting along well on a tiny rough pony. R.S.P.C.A., please notice!

A bad frost stopped hounds meeting at East Farndon. That side of the country is always unlucky where weather is concerned. However, to everyone's relief, Saturday, at Guilsborough, was a fine hunting morning, with a good scent. The crowd out was unbelievable, every other person being a visitor. The greatest fun followed from the stickheap in the village. A very fast hunt over a grand line of country spread out the crowd. The number of dirty backs was uncountable! Poor Mrs. Ronald Tree was the worst casualty, with a broken nose.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

In spite of rather uncertain weather conditions last week we were able to carry out a full programme, which was more than they were able to do in the Midlands. Master was hunting the bitch pack at Westerleigh on Wednesday, and a busy day followed in the Sodbury Vale. Thursday, from Bradenstoke, was great fun, except when hounds crossed the river, near Seagry, only the Huntsman, the First Whip, and the joint-Master getting safely over. Ralph had to swim for it, whilst Captain Edward Green had a very unpleasant experience and was in serious trouble for what seemed some time. We were just able to hunt on Friday at Hullavington, and things did not look too good for the after-the-ball meet next day, but a rapid thaw set in, and all was well. A first-class day's sport followed from the meet at the Kennels, with a very large field out, and they certainly had all the galloping and jumping they wanted. The Hunt Ball was a great success, and even if there was a very large crowd, there was ample room for everyone. How time flies! In only two weeks our annual Point-to-Point will be taking place at Leighterton, and this year we are to have an Inter-Yeomanry Team Race, which should add greatly to the interest.



The ex-Foreign Secretary and his equally good-looking wife as seen by the eye of the caricaturist. Mr. Eden's recent little tour to the United States gave rise to all manner of rumours, but all students of Greek drama know of what Rumour is reputed to be full! One big fact was that America liked them both. Another main fact is that this country cannot afford to do without the services of a brilliant brain in whatever capacity it may be employed. Mrs. Anthony Eden is a daughter of the late Hon. Sir William Gervase Beckett and a half-sister of the present baronet Sir Martyn Gervase Beckett



"What should I take here, Caddie?"

"I should take a Guinness, Sir!"

*Hartig, New Bond Street***PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO**

A new study of the clever daughter of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco. Since she came out last year, it has become more and more obvious that she has inherited the brilliance of her grandmother, Lady Oxford and Asquith, to whom she is very devoted, and of her mother. Her father and mother were *en poste* in Madrid for some years, when sorely disrupted Spain was going through quieter days than she is in these terrible ones, which the world so greatly deplores. Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco now live mostly at Corcova and in Paris



Studio Intran

**PRETTY YOUNG AIMÉE MORTIMER
OF THE GOLDEN VOICE**

Everyone who has heard her sing is agreed that Aimée Mortimer has one of the most beautiful voices on the French stage. She has appeared with great success at the Opéra Comique and the Gaité Lyrique, and is now making a great success in a song number that gives scope for her versatility

TRÈS CHER, — When Earl De La Warr, in the witty and charming speech he made at the Art et Tourisme dinner, declared that French customs and French sense of humour sometimes frankly puzzle English people, I rather wondered whether he realises how often *les habitudes anglaises* and *l'humour britannique* astonish the French. A young Parisienne who came with me to the reception held by the Director of the British Institute and Mrs. Granville-Barker in honour of Lord De La Warr, watched all that went on around her with grave, wondering (and admiring) eyes and, as we were going away, amazed me by asking: "Do English people never shake hands?" She had been struck by the casual way in which the members of the English colony greeted each other, and this amused me because, only a few hours earlier, an Englishman complained to me that: "These French chaps would be all right to do business with if it wasn't for all this darned business of shaking hands every five minutes!" Another question put by my young friend was: "What would English politicians do with their hands if umbrellas and trouser-pockets did not exist?" and I was glad when, at that very moment, we ran into our new (and quite immensely popular, Best Belovèd) Consul-General and Mrs. Hugh London, who shook her by the hand with such kindly and breath-taking energy that I had a shrewd suspicion that they must have heard her first remark.

Mr. and Mrs. London have taken a lovely flat in the famous house built by Lalique on the Cours Albert Ier, overlooking the river. Under their windows is a wide thoroughfare, bordered on one side by the gardens that are being laid out now that the last remains of the Exposition 1937 have

Priscilla in Paris

vanished, and on the other side by a shady bridle-path that leads from the Place de la Concorde all along the quays, up the Avenue du Président Wilson and down the Avenue Henri Martin to the Bois de Boulogne. Very nice, too, for the early morning liver-bouncers, the only snag being the traffic at the Place de l'Alma, which is even more congested than some of the livers that are being exercised. Parisian *sergents de ville* are not all broke to the 'osses or the requirements of their riders and give precedence to an omnibus or a lorry any day. This may make for good horsemanship, but it also keeps the ambulance squad busy. I submit to the Paris municipality that an underground tunnel would be quite a good idea. Why spoil so many pleasant, chestnut-shaded miles of tan for the sake of a few hundred thousand tons of bricks?

A new book, "Le Toutounier," by Mme. Colette, is the one bright spot of a 'flu-ridden week. It is the sequel of one of her most famous novels, "Duo," of which the stage version, by M. Paul Géraudy, is this winter's great success at the Théâtre St. Georges, where it is actually being played by Valentine Tessier and Henri Rollan. An English version has been made for Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt and will be seen in New York some time this year. "Le Toutounier" is the brief, vivid story of four sisters, one of whom, Alice, the heroine of "Duo," returns to *le toutounier natal* (*toutounier* being their word for the big divan in their living-room) after her husband's tragic death and again merges into the unconscious alliance

that the four women form against the rest of their world. Whenever I have the joy of cutting the pages of a new book by this greatest of writers and spending an evening in the magic atmosphere she creates with mere words, I think of the slogan that was written round the name of a certain author of best-sellers, and I amend it thus: "It is impossible not to be moved by Colette."

The 'flu wave that rushed over Paris last week rose to breaking-point at the Odéon the other evening. The coughing, sneezing and . . . er . . . expectoration that accompanied the revival of Maeterlinck's drama *Pelléas et Mélisande* ill replaced Debussy's score, and although the incidental music of the play is by Gabriel Fauré, the whole production fell a little

flat and I found myself, like *Mélisande*, *pas heureuse ici*, although I was seated in a comfortable stall. Mme. Maeterlinck (ex-Mdlle. Sélysette) played the part of the enigmatic dream princess, Undine, sobmonger, *femme incomprise* or what-you-will (who would have been all the better for a good spanking), with the maximum of artifice and the minimum of art. She is still the wide-eyed, fair little thing that I saw at the Théâtre Réjane some twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, when she played, for the first time, in *The Blue Bird*, and was a most convincing Cold-in-the-Head. She sneezed in those days far better than she sobs at present.

Another production that seemed somewhat lop-sided without the music to which we are accustomed was Mme. Marcelle Maurette's *Manon Lescaut* at the Théâtre Montparnasse. But the pill was gilded so brilliantly by Gaston Baty's *décors* and *mise-en-scène* that we almost forgave Mme. Maurette for having changed the unmoral *fille galante* into what was merely a cynical *entoleuse*.

PRISCILLA.



Star Presse

CAPPELLA AND BEATRICE, NOW ON THE RIVIERA

These two graceful and clever people are no strangers to London, for they have often delighted us. They are now dancing on the Riviera and have had some of their biggest successes at the Sporting Club at bright and sunny Monte Carlo

HOLLYWOOD'S HOURS
OF EASE



AT A BASIL RATHBONE PARTY: CONSTANCE COLLIER, MRS. BASIL RATHBONE, THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE, AND MARY PICKFORD



AT PALM SPRINGS: MARLENE DIETRICH AND LESLIE HOWARD



ERROL FLYNN AND WIFE (LILI DAMITA) AT THE RATHBONE HOUSE-WARMING



AND LIKEWISE: MIRIAM HOPKINS, ERNST LUBITSCH, AND A CIGAR

All these pictures, with the exception of the one of Marlene and Leslie Howard, who had travelled the 110 miles from Hollywood to Palm Springs with other stars, who also think nothing of a little week-end trip like that, were taken at Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone's house-warming at their new house in the exclusive Bel Air district of the film metropolis, and as will be noted, various major planets were at it. The party was really in honour of Arthur Rubinstein, who had then just given a concert in Los Angeles. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia was on a tour of the Pacific coast in general and Hollywood in particular, and is in the group with the hostess, who was formerly Ouida Bergere the scenarist. Also in the group are our Constance Collier and the lady who will always remain "The World's Sweetheart." Basil Rathbone himself is a very busy film actor, and after that horror film, *Son of Frankenstein*, with Boris Karloff as the monster, more recent news is that Warners' are trying to get him, Errol Flynn and David Niven together for a re-make of the war film, *The Last Flight*, now to be called *Single Lady*. Ernst Lubitsch's cigar, of the true producer brand, was a definite feature of the party. Miriam Hopkins is never idle for long, and London has pleasing memories of her in *Wise Girl*

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

I ADMIRE Miss Binnie Hale, her voice and sense of comedy, more than somewhat. And if I were that sort of girl I might adore Mr. Roger Treville, who, in any case, sings well and can also act. Nevertheless, though Miss Hale is the heroine and Mr. Treville the hero of *Magyar Melody*, my favourite character in this musical piece is the wicked Hungarian Count. He is so suave and glossy a villain. He gives distinction to a plot that would otherwise be no more than

nicely coloured blah. For Michael the hero, heir to an English dukedom, has spurned a Lady Susan and a political career because he would rather write songs at the bidding of a Hungarian Roszi. So here we are in a Magyar village for the harvest festival; and, hurrah!—here comes the young Englishman who was so struck with our Roszi. And look who's here—why, Roszi herself, last heard of as a rising singer. She at once proceeds to sing the theme-song of Michael's new operetta, reading the music at sight. But here comes the Empress Elisabeth, who in youth loved Michael's uncle; and in her train is the wicked Count, a middle-aged satyr from whom no village maiden is safe, but who seduces with an air, a generous purse and a glittering presence. Shall Roszi be seduced? You bet she shan't. Spurning both the purse and the offer of a small part in Michael's operetta, she rushes off to Budapest: she will reach the top of the tree or the bottom of the Danube.

Budapest means cafés and all that; so Roszi, still virtuous on an empty stomach, spurns the Count's caviare and champagne in a café, but gets the lead in Michael's operetta by singing the theme-song to a crowd that happens to include his manager. But the wicked Count hires a claque to boo Roszi on her first night, and the Empress enters her box only just in time to save the show. And when, after Roszi's triumph, the inevitable Telegram calls Michael away (his uncle the



MAGYAR MELODISTS: BINNIE HALE, ROGER TREVILLE, JERRY Verno, BETTY WARREN, ARTHUR MARGETSON, STELLA ARBENINA

Roszi, Roszi All the Way

duke is dying in London), with whom will he leave his farewell message? Naturally with the wicked Count, who naturally won't deliver it to Roszi. Hence Misunderstanding. So Michael, by now a duke in his own right, parades his broken heart by the bandstand in Hyde Park, 1891; which is the right time and place for fun with tandems and a chorus-number for soldiers and nursemaids. Hence also, after the reconciliation in Budapest, a duel with the Count, shots at dawn, and a young body that sways and falls while a desperate girl rushes to embrace it. Is it then to be a bitter-sweet memory?—shall she love him till she die, Good-bye? No; for here, after the black-out, are Roszi and Michael about to be wed, she radiant and tune-ful, he with his arm in an interesting sling. And here comes the Empress Elisabeth to bless the nuptials and the Finale.

It is that kind of musical show, but better than usual. I took only a sense of duty to His Majesty's Theatre, having been a non-admirer of everything except the music in *Paprika*, of which *Magyar Melody* is an improved version. But I found myself sitting up and taking pleased notice; for the improvement applies to the script and lyrics, which are twice as polished; the humour, which has been multiplied by three; and especially the heroine, who is greatly enlivened by Miss Hale's personality. Mr. Jerry Verno, Miss Betty Warren and Mr. Jimmy Godden are apt to their rôles and funny in themselves. Mr. Arthur Margetson is so superbly the wicked Count that he deserves to have the *droit de seigneur* over a hundred village maidens. Mr. Eric Maschwitz, the only begetter of *Paprika*, has with his co-authors worked wonders in applying the precept of try, try, try again: it only goes to show what can be done with determination, collaboration and Ovaltine, to the last of which he gives, underneath his photograph in the programme, the credit due for maintaining "the energy required to carry out the arduous theatrical work on which I am engaged."



PORTRAIT OF A HUNGARIAN GOURMET:
JIMMY GODDEN



HUNGARIAN HARVEST FESTIVAL, WITH PORTRAIT, MORE OR LESS, OF THE EMPRESS ELISABETH: STELLA ARBENINA



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT AT THE COTSWOLD WIRE BALL

This jollification in aid of a good cause—the fox-hunter's neck, also his collar- and other bones—was held at the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham, which is the capital of the Cotswold country and a charming and salubrious city to boot

In the smiling group are (l. to r.): Mr. Sidney A. A. Villar, well-known owner and fox-hunter, Mrs. Ewan Mews, Mr. C. Heber-Percy (the Master), Mrs. Gresham Wood, Vice-Admiral F. A. Marten (late joint-Master of the Cotswold), Mrs. McCoustra, Mr. Barrington Brown and others

TWO Excellencies to whom Australia will be as sorry to say good-bye as they are to leave her will very shortly be coming home.

One of them is H.E. the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, V.C., and the other H.E. of Victoria, Lord Huntingfield, who, in younger and less strenuous days, used to be the 13th Hussars' No. 2 in their regimental polo side and was then just plain—not so plain, by that same token!—Mr. W. C. A. Vanneck. Lord Gowrie got his V.C. at Gedaref in the Sudan in 1898 (Camel Corps operations). He has been a terrific success both ways—that is, as head of the great Commonwealth

Pictures in the Fire

as well as socially—and a Sure Hand tells me that they are very sorry indeed to lose him: but naturally looking forward very eagerly to his Royal successor, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. My Australian friend, who, of course, is a cricketer, says that "H.R.H. has a chance of a century, and carrying his bat at that. The Duke is assured of a most wonderful welcome and has so many good qualities he is bound to be a great success." This is, if I may say so, exactly the opinion held over here.

* * *

Lord Huntingfield, who, in spite of his name, is far keener on shooting than fox-

chasing, has also played a real good innings, according to my information, and has hit them all round the wicket, as they say in their ineradicable cricket jargon. He was, as a matter of fact, born in Australia—at Gatton, in Queensland—which may have helped towards making him "the right man for Galway," but his success is not due to that alone, by any means. They have liked him and his wife immensely, and their Melbourne Cup Week house-parties at Government House will linger long in many people's memories. My own friendship with His Excellency dates back to far less stately days, when I believe I was suspected of encompassing suicide by inducing a rather senior soldier to have a pop at riding a bucking baby elephant in a circus. They gave you a rope tied round his waistcoat to hold on by. The harder you pulled at it, the worse the little brute cavorted. He put us all on the mat, and I think his Excellency was amongst the casualties. I got all the blame for it.

* * *

This was nothing really compared to what a lovely I have camouflaged as "Belphebe" did. There was a poor loon, who was so badly dipped about her that when she went home he even looked after a beastly monkey she had, name of "Hooloo." "Belphebe" dared this other ape to go into the ring when the performing tigers were on, and have a whisky-and-soda with "Colonel" Charles B. Hicks, of Cincinnati, the tigers' trainer. When the Troubadour jibbed at the idea she said he was duck-hearted and could not love her as much as he said.



AT THE "TO THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS" FILM

Lord Hollenden, at whose house it was shown, with Miss Rosie Newman, who made this fine film. The première was in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association



Clapperton

KILLING SALMON ON THE TWEED

Lieut. Col. Thomas Taylor, D.S.O., late Gordon Highlanders, with a good 15-pounder he had just taken out of his own Hendersyde water below Kelso. Colonel Taylor was all through the war—wounded, four mentions, a D.S.O. and a brevet—good going



"CELEBS" IN NEW YORK

Prince Serge Obolensky as a fierce-looking Cossack, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, looking anything but fierce, at the Costume Dinner "Le Souper de Jacques," in aid of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, held at the Waldorf-Astoria

By "SABRETACHE"



LADY TITCHFIELD AND LORD BARNBY

Who were also at the film première of Miss Rosie Newman's excellent travel-picture, *To the Land of the Pharaohs*, for which Lord Hollenden lent his house



ALSO FROM NEW YORK

Mr. Laurence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera star, and Mrs. Vincent Astor, who were also in the cast of the costume dinner-concert "*Le Souper de Jacques*," at the N.Y. Waldorf-Astoria

We all did our best to ginger him up to it, but it was of no use—he hated the very sight of a tiger. Incidentally, this was in the same year as the 10th won the Indian Inter-Regimental for the sixth time straight off the reel, and I am sure that some of them were at that jolly old circus and may remember.

* * *

It is conveyed to me by the same Sure Hand that being an Excellency in Australia is not quite such a—how shall we say it?—spit-and-polish job as it is being a Viceroy elsewhere. Excellencies always live in a kind of stratosphere of

their own, but in Australia I am assured that lesser persons do not need the aid of oxygen to enable them to breathe. In some other places I have known, you need a gas-mask because of the altitude. There was once a General who was the exact counterpart of a Superior Person, and by some wicked freak of the Service he was planted on a brigade of Australian Light Horse in the Boer War.

Their motto was: "We cleans nothink and salutes nobody." But that old spit-and-polish chap had much *savoir vivre*, and in spite of their pinching his second charger, painting him brown and then mounting the General's own trumpeter on him, in the end they were fast friends and they were ready to go through hell and out the other side for him. At first they thought that the General put on what they call "dorg," but they soon found out that he didn't really, and was, like themselves, a first-class fighting man. They only wanted a man with hands, and that General had 'em. I am afraid H.E. of Victoria has had a somewhat fiery latter end to his reign, with all these bush conflagrations, but I can recall a time during the Proconsulship of another Excellency somewhere else when there were enough sparks flying about to melt the eternal snows on the Himalayas. At that time we all expected Everest to catch fire.

* * *

All this was in the times when the atmosphere was so rarefied that even Honourable Misters who were heads of Departments and Masters of Department were sometimes made to gasp. Even the A.D.C.s—of whom there was an enormous and most decorative supply—were compelled to be icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection, *no more*. Usually an A.D.C. is rather like a painted fox when he is turned loose amongst the gals—but this was not for these handsome young officers at that time. An unguarded smirk, an emotional flutter of an eyelid might have meant immediate



AT THE MEYNELL FARMERS' BALL AT ASHBOURNE

This was the nineteenth annual, and was held at the Green Man Hotel with much *éclat*, likewise bonhomie. As will be noticed, the joint-Masters of the Meynell and many more celebrities are in the above picture

The group includes Sir Ian and Lady Walker, of Osmaston Manor (at back); Captain and Mrs. M. J. Kingscote (on couch); Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ley, Mrs. T. R. Pearson, Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Hardy (also in front); Major H. L. Newton, Miss Newton, Captain R. K. Knowles and Captain C. H. Farquhar

extinction and a return to rude and rugged regimental soldiering. They had to be absolutely blind to the oillades of the sirens and encased as if in mail and plate of Milan steel against the wiles of all the female inhabitants of that Venusberg where this great pageant took place. It was almost a monastic existence, but they got quite used to it in time, and even managed to acquire that fixed official smile which always seemed to me to be so very painful—it was something less vulgar than a grin and a bit more genial than a snigger. It is so nice to learn that in Viceroyal Australian circles things are far easier. Flirting was never permitted in the ones of which I speak.

(Continued on page 55)



Frank O'Brien

NOT UP TO BLACKWATER STANDARD!

Captain Charles Waterhouse, M.P., did not think a lot of this 15-pounder which he took out of the famous Irish salmon river at Careysville, Fermoy. Captain Waterhouse has sat for South Leicester since 1924

SWISS AND FRENCH



AT CORVIGLIA CLUB: PRINCIPE
AND PRINCIPESSA FALCO PIO



ALSO HIGH ABOVE ST. MORITZ: CAPTAIN
"BABE" BARNATO AND HIS DAUGHTER



MR. ALEXANDER CHINNERY-HALDANE
AND HIS SISTER, MRS. HUGH HARRIS



A FINE SKI-ER AT MÈGEVE:
Mlle. Cécile de Rothschild



MRS. REGINALD TATE AND MR. ALEC
BULLIMORE AT LE BRÉVENT



MR. "PATSY" RICHARDSON TAKES
MISS PATSY ADAMS UNDER HIS WING



AT MÈGEVE:
HOST

The Engadine, the Grisons, and the neighbourhood of Chamonix formed the setting for this panorama of snow-slope activities. Starting on the heights above St. Moritz, we find Principe and Principessa Falco Pio; he belongs to the nobility of Ferrara, and she is the only daughter of Principe Colonna, head of a famous patrician family and now Mayor of Rome. Captain "Babe" Barnato and his popular ex-deb daughter, Diana, who lately joined him at St. Moritz from Klosters, were also photographed at Corviglia Club, where the Club's popular President, the Duca di Sangro (seen here with an attractive New Yorker), is often to be found. The newly-appointed Bolivian Minister in London, Señor Antenor Patino, and his wife have been at St. Moritz, too. The Señora, recently voted the world's best-dressed woman, was Princess Marie Christine de Bourbon-Siciles before her marriage; she and her husband are very well known in Paris, where he was previously attached to the Bolivian Embassy. Further St. Moritz patrons include Mr. Alexander Chinnery-Haldane and Mrs. Hugh Harris, elder son and daughter of the twenty-fifth Laird of Glencagles. Haldanes, one of the oldest families in Scotland, have been seated in Perthshire since the twelfth century, and one, Aylmer de Haldane, was on the Ragman's Roll of 1296. At the Weissfluhjoch above Davos our camera came upon Lord Acheson's wife

SNOW ROUNDABOUT



G AT CHAMONIX:
Y CHURSTON



ABOVE DAVOS: MISS HUMBER
AND MR. PATRICK GARRETT



ON CORVIGLIA CLUB'S SUN TERRACE:
MISS CURTIS AND THE DUCA DI SANGRO



AT THE WEISSFLUHJOCH: LADY ACHESON
AND HER BROTHER, MR. A. CAGIATI



JOHN LODER AND HIS
DANIELLE DARRIEUX



MRS. RICHARD ALLEN
ABOVE DAVOS



LORD AND LADY NORMANTON
AND GUIDE AT CHAMONIX



SEÑOR AND SEÑORA ANTENOR
PATINO AT CORVIGLIA CLUB

with her brother, Allesandro, as good companion. Lady Acheson, daughter-in-law of Lord Gosford, is the daughter of Mr. Francesco Cagiati, of Dover, Mass., and New York. Miss Greta Humber, a winter-sporting regular, goes to Davos most years. Also at the Weissfluhjoch was Mayfairite Mrs. Richard Allen. She and her husband live and hunt on the Warwickshire-Worcestershire borders, and he also has a place in Ayrshire. And so to the French snows at the agreeable Mont Arbois ski-fields near Mégève. Lord Churston's young wife reaches them from Chamonix, and so does top-speed snow traveller. Mr. "Patsy" Richardson. Mlle. Cécile de Rothschild is Baron Robert de Rothschild's daughter and lives in Paris. Film-star John Loder and his wife have been having an extra good time staying with renowned Danielle Darrieux—their daughter's godmother—at her Mégève chalet. Mr. Loder is presumably home again by now, as work on *Peace in Our Time* has just been started at Denham. The story of this new picture is a topical one—and the title, too, we trust. Mrs. Reginald Tate, whose husband gives such a brilliant study of the pitiless General Gurgani in the long-running *Glorious Morning*, was photographed at La Brévent, above Chamonix, with Mr. Bullimore, Surrey golfer. Lord and Lady Normanton are making Chamonix their winter-sport headquarters and go ski-ing with zest



RONALD COLMAN AND CHARMING WIFE
(BENITA HUME)

The film's quite outstanding "hero" is an Englishman who does not believe that his country gave him a square deal after the war. There are many such who think that way—and rightly, after what we know lots of chaps had to go through. He married Benita Hume in California on September 30, 1938, and their myriads of friends wished two very popular people all the luck in the world. Ronald Colman's latest big one is *If I Were King*. He is said to get £50,000 a picture, and who is to say that he is not well worth it? Of course he is!

THE famous professor had just received a title, and the reporter was trying to get some information from the great man's wife.

"And what," he asked, "is the professor's principal research?"

"Well," replied his sorely tried wife, "it consists principally in hunting for his spectacles."

"I want some advice about my husband, sir," the woman said to the lawyer. "He left me twenty years ago, and I ain't seen him since."

"Well?" asked the lawyer.

"What about me having a separation?"

"The night before last," stormed the exasperated wife, "you came home yesterday. Last night you came home to-day. If you come home this evening to-morrow morning I'll go straight home to mother."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, "I must confess that your son has a great thirst for knowledge. Where does he get it from?"

"The thirst," said the pupil's mother, haughtily, "he gets from his father, and the knowledge from me."

* * *

The diner rushed over to the manager. "I've been robbed!" he screamed. "Somebody has stolen my hat!"

"What kind of a hat was it?" asked the manager.

"It was a light brown soft hat," explained the diner.

"H'm," mused the manager, "now that you mention it, I just saw a man walk out with that very hat."

The customer looked hastily toward the doors.

"Quick, quick!" he demanded; "what did he look like?"

The manager shook his head.

"Terrible," he replied. "The hat was much too small for him!"

* * *

A judge, after calling at the office of a brilliant lawyer friend, left a law-book on the lawyer's desk, quite unintentionally. The lawyer ordered his clerk to take the volume back to the judge.

"Ask him," he said jocularly, "what he meant by bringing me a law-book!"

"Ask him," responded the judge, "how he knew it was a law-book!"

* * *

A priest went to a barber's saloon run by one of his Irish parishioners. He noticed that the barber seemed to have been celebrating, but decided to take a chance.

"There, Mike, you have cut me," declared the priest after a time.

"Yis, y'r riv'rance," answered the barber.

"That just shows you," went on the priest in reproving tones, "what the use of strong drink will do."

"Yis, y'r riv'rance," replied the barber humbly, "it makes the skin tinder."



Photos.: Hyman Fink

CLARK GABLE, (RHETT BUTLER) IN THE FILM OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Margaret Mitchell's great story ought to make an almost greater film story—this being merely an opinion. Clark Gable plays Rhett Butler to Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara, and it ought to prove a really magnificent combination of talent. As to other film-news items, Rowland Brown, author of *Angels with Dirty Faces*, has written *Ten Penny Crosses* specially for Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. It is all about a murderer who "gets religion" and confesses. Some situation!

A Lapland Winter

*Prompts this striking
Tribute to*

Ovaltine

*from Comdr. Douglas Dixon
D.S.C., R.N.*



Ski-ing in the Arctic. Comdr. and Mrs. Douglas Dixon in the Lapp dress of the New Sirkas tribe.

On the left, Mrs. Dixon and the Lapp guide are seen enjoying their 'Ovaltine' round the camp-fire.

IN his book, "A Sail to Lapland," Comdr. Dixon writes: "For sea and for the Arctic winter, large supplies of 'Ovaltine' are next to the blood of life."

In the long winter which Comdr. and Mrs. Dixon spent in Lapland, they found 'Ovaltine' invaluable. "One day," he writes to the proprietors of 'Ovaltine,' "we were rejoining our Lapp hosts in the mountains. The snow was young and treacherous, the river ice uncertain, ski-ing conditions were the worst possible. Hjalmar (our guide) was nearly as whacked as we were. Five kilometres to go and no strength to move. . . .

"I know of no better insurance in such circumstances than 'Ovaltine' to supply the extra strength that means so much, and to clear tired and clouded judgment."

Such an experience is typical of many great feats of endurance in which 'Ovaltine' has played an outstanding part. Famous explorers and mountaineers, record-breakers on land, on water and in the air have confidently relied on 'Ovaltine' to build up strength and maintain stamina and vitality. In countless thousands of homes, too, 'Ovaltine' stands supreme as a health-giving, delicious tonic food beverage.

*Drink
delicious*

OVALTINE

For Health, Strength & Endurance

*Prices in
Gt. Britain and
N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.*

NEW YORK'S RUSSIAN NEW YEAR PARTY



AT THE MAISONETTE RUSSE: MR. JULIAN
CHAQUELAU AND MRS. GILBERT MILLER



MISS MARY-ANITA LOOS STEPS
OUT WITH MR. FELIX FERRY



MR. MAURY PAUL ADMIRING MISS BETH LEARY'S WONDERFUL
TOPAZ NECKLACE. ON THE LEFT IS MR. WINSTON THOMAS

THE HOST, PRINCE SERGE
OBOLENSKY, HAD MRS. JIMMIE
ROOSEVELT ON HIS RIGHT

One camera record of New York's Russian New Year Party, which had the White Russians of New York, headed by Prince Serge Obolensky, as hosts, and the Maisonette Russe, at the St. Regis Hotel, as setting, appeared in last week's issue; here is the much fuller story. All the elaborate traditional rites were included, and Prince Serge made a fine figure in the white mess uniform of the Imperial Russian Guards. Sitting next to him above is President Roosevelt's charming daughter-in-law, who wore wine-red velvet



THE COMTESSE DE POURTALES
AND COMTE PAUL DE KOTZEBUE



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL
AND MRS. LEWIS TULLIS



MR. ROBERT LEHMAN AND MRS. RUTH WARDELL,
SIR KENNETH CROSSLEY'S SECOND DAUGHTER



MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS PERSHING
TREAD A MEASURE TOGETHER

Sir Guy Campbell's sister-in-law, now moved on to Palm Beach, and Mrs. Ruth Wardell were two English participants in the Russian New Year Party. Mrs. Gilbert Miller has also gone south to Palm Beach, where she is entertaining a joint house-party with her father, Mr. Jules Bache, the famous art collector. Mr. Bache's granddaughter appears on this page too, namely, Mrs. Francis Pershing, daughter-in-law of General Pershing, G.C.B., C.-in-C. American Expeditionary Force in the Great War. The Comtesse de Pourtales (American-born "Queen of Gstaad," who has temporarily deserted her Swiss chalet for her native heath) waltzed to admiration with the Comte Paul de Kotzebue, and Miss Mary-Anita Loos, débutante niece of the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was quickly booked up. Miss Beth Leary, who never misses a Biarritz summer season, was giving her topaz necklace its first outing; the outsize stones took four years to collect

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THE VINE



LADY NUGENT FIXES A DANCE
DATE WITH MR. C. B. H. PHIPPS



LORD ASHBURTON, MRS. AUSTIN, AND LADY
ASHBURTON, WHO HAD A LARGE PARTY

HUNT BALL



AMONG THOSE PRESENT: THE
HON. KATHERINE CHATFIELD AND
MR. HAMILTON KERR, M.P.



MRS. OLIVER SISMEY HAS THE HON.
CHARLES BERNARD FOR A PARTNER



Photos.: Truman Howell
COLONEL H. LLOYD
CHATS TO THE
HON. MRS. DONNER
AND MR. PATRICK
DONNER, M.P.



A WELL-KNOWN SHOW-RIDER AND HIS
WIFE: MAJOR AND MRS. J. C. FRIEDBERGER

At the moment of going to press, the Vine Hunt Ball seems to be about the best and most recent to have taken place. Mr. Patrick Donner and the Hon. Mrs. Donner very kindly lent Hurstbourne Park, near Andover, for the occasion. Captain W. Fox has these hounds, which he took over in 1938. Lady Nugent was one of the evening's camera victims; she is the wife of Sir Hugh Nugent and brought a large party from Windsor House, Lambourn. With her is Mr. C. B. H. Phipps, brother-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester. Big party-bringers also included Lord and Lady Ashburton, who came over from Hunton Manor. He succeeded to the title last year, and his wife is the elder daughter of Lord Harcourt. In photograph No. 3 will be seen the Hon. Katherine Chatfield, whose father, Admiral Lord Chatfield, is very much in the news at the moment, being our new Defence Minister; with her is Mr. Hamilton Kerr, M.P. for Oldham. The Hon. Charles Bernard is a twin brother and heir to the Earl of Bandon, and Mrs. Oliver Sismey's husband is an instructor at Sandhurst. The host and hostess are seen in the next group, he being M.P. for Basingstoke; and his wife is another daughter of Lord Chatfield. Major Friedberger, Royal Artillery, is stationed at Bulford. It will be remembered that he won the King George V. Cup and the Prince of Wales's Cup at the International Horse Show last year on his horse Derek



MR. DEREK CROSLEGH'S PARTY, WHICH INCLUDES MR. HUGHES-ROBINSON,
MISS SWITHINBANK, MISS E. BOOTH, MR. W. R. EDMONDS, MRS. MORRIS,
MR. D. C. CROSLEGH AND MRS. HUGHES-ROBINSON

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THE OLD CRANLEIGHANS XV. WHO LAID LOW ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AT THAMES DITTON

The Old Cranleighans kept up their unbeaten record, having won eleven matches on end, when they defeated St. Bartholomew's, by eight points to six. Reeves gave the Old Boys the match by scoring a try in the last five minutes.

Names, (l-r.) standing: L. Malempre, E. J. Lambert, K. Cuthbert, E. P. Hindley, W. E. Vesey, J. D. Moore, G. C. Reeves, J. C. Nicoll, J. R. Patterson (referee). Sitting: S. R. Couchman, A. J. Goodall, R. J. G. Durrant (captain), A. Key, C. W. Suter. On ground: J. C. Stevens, J. B. King

DEAR TATLER,

NO doubt the Cardiff crowd were pleased to see Wales beat Scotland the other day, but they are too good judges of the game to let themselves be carried away by enthusiasm over a victory which, while decisive enough, was gained over an anything but representative Scottish side. The changes in the Welsh pack after their disappointment at Twickenham were judicious enough, but one cannot help wondering why so many mistakes were made in the team originally selected to meet England. The same thing has happened a good many times before, and some of the Welsh Selectors, at least, must be perplexed at having been led so far astray. They made a better shot at the second time of asking, though even then it should be borne in mind that the Scottish authorities were badly handicapped by injuries, by R. W. Shaw's illness, and by one or two almost unaccountable failures.

No one who saw him can have any doubt that the Scottish captain ought not to have played at all. He was, indeed, only a ghost of his real self, and before the first ten minutes were over it was clear enough that the Scottish back division were going to be in trouble. The full-back, G. Roberts, played pluckily, and saved one, if not two apparently certain tries, but he could not compare with his *vis-à-vis* in accuracy of fielding and kicking. D. J. Macrae stood out by himself in the three-quarter line, and enhanced an already high reputation by his ceaseless attempts to keep down the score against him and to break through for himself. The rest of the line were strictly moderate, and at scrum-half, W. R. Brydon, though working tremendously hard and showing no end of pluck, could hardly be expected to cope with H. Tanner. The Scottish Selectors had made another grave mistake in pitting an entirely new front row, with no experience of Welsh football, against W. Travers and his men. G. B. Horsburgh played another great game for Scotland, and the back row were quite serviceable, but the pack, as a whole, was more or less devoid of the traditional Scottish fire.

The home side found an excellent substitute in Howard Davies for V. G. J. Jenkins, and the Swansea man made a most satisfactory début. So did M. J. Davies, the South African centre from Oxford University, who is a born footballer, and should have a long run in the Welsh side. Wales were fortunate in having so able a player to replace the departed Idwal Davies, and doubly so because the new man

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

covered so skilfully the numerous mistakes of his captain. W. Wooller had a really bad match, displaying the maximum of energy with the minimum of result. To this must be attributed the practical failure of this three-quarter line, and it may well be that his rather in-and-out career is drawing to a close. His kicking, of course, is always a tremendous asset, but even in this he was not so accurate as usual. Naturally, the wings had comparatively few chances, but S. Williams was as clever and useful as ever.



Photos: Stuart

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S XV. WHO FELL TO THE OLD CRANLEIGHANS

This team were very unlucky, owing to the fact that their fifteenth man, G. Gray, did not turn up till very nearly half-time. They actually had far more of the play and looked the better team.

Names, (l-r.) standing: K. B. Moynagh, R. L. Hall, J. C. Gauvain, G. D. Graham, E. Griffiths, J. W. G. Evans, H. Collinson, R. N. Grant (touch judge). Sitting: J. C. Newbold, K. G. Irving, P. L. Candler (captain), R. D. Hearn, M. J. Pleydell. On ground: M. N. Laybourne, L. A. McAfee

W. T. H. Davies played quite a good game, with more success, perhaps, than has been his lot in the recent past, and H. Tanner, despite a painful injury after half-time, gave a sound display. The number of minor injuries in the match was extraordinary. The game was stopped on about nine occasions, and yet all the victims were able to continue after a brief rest, with the exception of Tanner, who was off the field for about ten minutes getting his damaged arm strapped and bandaged. His plucky return was greeted with loud cheers, and he very soon made it plain that he did not intend to allow his arm to handicap him.

The general impression left on the crowd was that they had not seen the real Scotland at all, and no doubt there will be a number of changes in the side to meet Ireland at Dublin on February 25. If the sick and wounded can all recover, the Irishmen will find the Scots a very different proposition from the somewhat lethargic, if stubborn, side which gave so disappointing a display at Cardiff. There must be three, if not four, of the back division who will find themselves politely dropped, and some of the forwards who went to Cardiff may not receive an invitation to visit Dublin. Wales, on the other hand, may well go to Belfast on March 11 with an unchanged team.

The semi-finals in the County Championship have been duly brought off, and we may now look forward to seeing Somerset and Warwickshire meet in the final, which is to be played at Weston-super-Mare. Somerset were by no means favourites to win against Hampshire, but the latter, apparently missing the services of one or two of their cracks, failed to reproduce their usual form. Somerset owe their victory largely to the dash and vigour of their pack, who seem to have recovered something of the fire which once made the West Country forwards the terrors of their opponents.

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Sandra muses 'Life is tough.
As a deb I know my stuff,
But there isn't time to aim
At such pinnacles of fame.
I shall merely marry Jim
So the outlook's pretty dim!
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I'll enjoy Abdulla's Best.'

F. R. Holmes.

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'CHASEGOERS AT WARWICK LAST WEEK



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WITH MR. J. HISLOP



MISS DIANA PARKES
AND MR. H. E. BOWLY



CAPTAIN PETER WILLIAMS, ANOTHER
OWNER, AND MRS. WILLIAMS



MR. G. S. WOOD, MR. CYRIL HEBER-PERCY,
M.F.H., AND MRS. G. S. WOOD



MRS. JACK SEELY, WHO HAD A
HORSE RUNNING, AND MR. WARD

These photographs were taken on the first day of the Warwick Meeting when the sun made a fine showing, while favourites did not. Mr. Davis's Hickie, ridden by Mr. J. Hislop, was greatly fancied to win the opening 'Chase, but got beat four lengths by Mr. Jack Seely's long-priced Towton. Mr. Hislop was also up on the favourite in the Selling Hurdle, his own Stethoscope, which had the bad luck to be brought down half-way round; it looked a nasty mix-up, but no damage was done. Other G.R.'s having a go included Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. G. S. Wood, who had the mount on Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy's Roi Tondel, and Mr. Jack Seely, who rode his wife's Rhodeus in the Amateurs' Steeplechase, finishing third to Post Horn, with Black Hawk dividing them; the latter, who was giving a lot of weight away, is in the National, with, many think, a good outside chance. Mr. Ward is a very familiar figure at Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon meetings. Mr. H. E. Bowly is in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment

THE BRAY

By GRANT DUFF DOUGLAS AINSLIE

SKOLPIJE, near Belgrade, was all spring-tide that morning, and Abduraman sunned himself outside his modest dwelling, a wing's flap from the Mohammedan mosque where he officiated. He was not wearing his cap of office at the moment, though he generally kept it pretty close to his head, as a means of inspiring respect in a not too reverential environment.

For Skolpije is a city of mixed population, and Abduraman's co-religionists were only as one to four among the neighbours. Some of these were orthodox Russian, others Greek-ancient type, others Greek-modern, while the number of Roman Catholics was also considerable. Abduraman, having led a life of comparative ease, was still fairly well-favoured, with few duties beyond those of the Nogia, or priest, who calls men to prayer from the summit of the minaret and controls the morals of orthodox Islam.

Five times a day did Abduraman ascend the marble steps of the mosque. Five times a day did he stop to pant for breath as he reached the summit. But it was soon done, this tiresome duty, and he could return to the enjoyment of

Nogia and those little sums that came dribbling in so agreeably from many anonymous quarters. He patted his copious paunch and returned the salute of a passer-by leading a donkey.

His eye rose from contemplation of the donkey and its conductor to the level of the animal's back, on which was seated a young woman. She was heavily veiled, according to Mohammedan custom, but Abduraman's expert eye detected beneath the jealous folds that all but hid her from public view an incredible perfection of form and feature far surpassing anything that it had been his fortune to perceive in this sublime life.

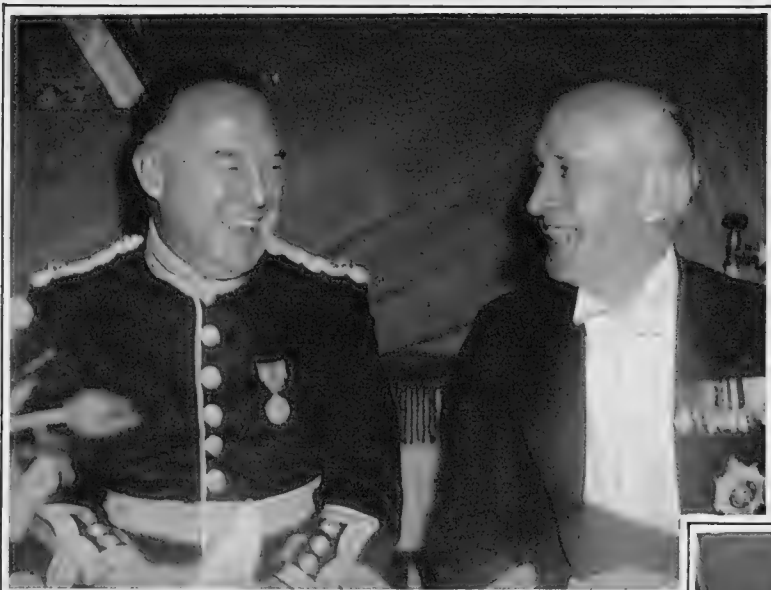
Spring was in the air and also in the alacrity with which the Nogia descended the steps of his dwelling and set himself to follow the course of the donkey and its driver. He was careful not to attract attention by pressing too closely on the steps of the donkey, for he felt that the animal in question could not be more asinine than he was himself in pursuing such a quest at his age.

Thus he had a pleasant little walk in the hot sun of about two miles there and two back, without exchanging a syllable with the driver of the donkey or even a bray with the animal itself. As to the beauteous Ayesha (as the damsel was called in the home circle and by her male escort) he, of course, made not the slightest move in her direction. *That* would have been disastrously discourteous, as he well knew.

When the donkey and the driver and the damsel had reached their destination, a small, low, cabin-like building belonging to a silk merchant, who was probably her husband or master, Abduraman retreated and hastened back to his dwelling, so as to be in time for one of the daily exhortation calls to the faithful. But he had counted without his host, or, rather, his hostess, and the image of the incredible beauty he had thus glimpsed pursued him all the way back to Skolpije.

As he donned his voluminous sacerdotal vestments he thought of her; as he slid along past the kitchen of his house he thought of her; as he slapped one of his wives he thought

(Continued on page 316)



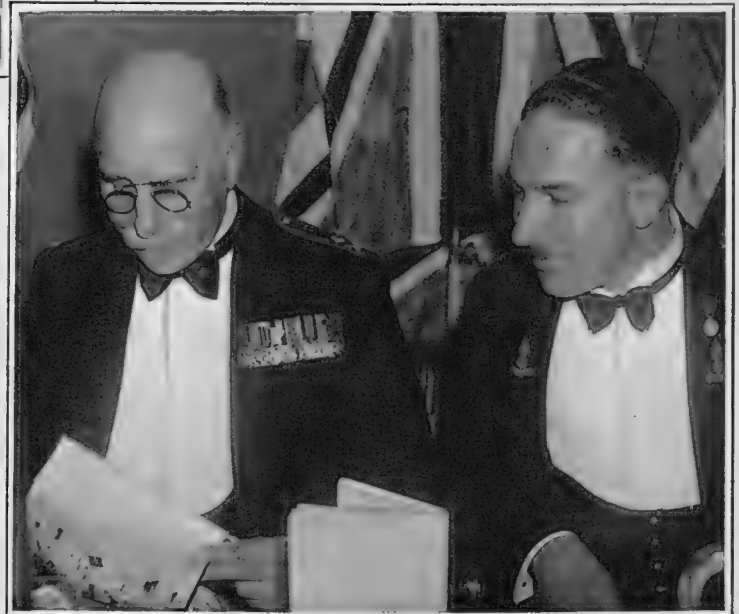
AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HEADQUARTERS
OF THE 306TH A.A. COMPANY R.E. (T.A.)

These new buildings in Merton Road, Wandsworth, were opened recently by Major-General the Earl of Athlone. The photograph shows Councillor W. H. Heath, D.L., the organiser, with the Earl of Cromer, the former Lord Chamberlain, at the dinner

his three wives' society, and, more important than they, his long and captivating *nayhilé*, with its, as he smoked, stem of crystal and its tube of pure bliss. He allowed himself frequent dreams of the exceedingly agreeable lady-nights that would await him when the Prophet should advise Allah to remove him to Paradise and the agreeable society there arranged for the faithful.

Yes, for his life had been a comparatively good and quiet one. He had exercised his priestly jurisdiction over the quarter of Skolpije inhabited by his fellow-believers with strict impartiality, save, of course, now and then, when it was a question of some old friend in trouble, or of an exceptionally tempting offer from some rich man of his patronage in return for Abduraman's society.

Now far on the wrong side of fifty, Abduraman felt himself safe at last from the ills of the flesh or the wiles of woman. His digestion was excellent, his wives attentive and rarely needing correction. His pay was good, when he added the regular stipend of his position as



Photos.: Arthur Owen

ALSO THE EARL OF ATHLONE WITH MAJOR R. H. SMITH

There was a very large attendance at the opening of the new Anti-Aircraft H.Q., and the presence of the Earl of Athlone, who graciously performed the ceremony, added greatly to the importance of the occasion.

Major R. H. Smith is the Officer Commanding this unit

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THE BRAY—(Continued from page 314)

of her; and as he stepped forth into the sunshine on his way to the mosque, there she was again; but also, not in the flesh, only in his distorted imagination, which was simply rioting in the memory of that astounding loveliness.

He toiled up the steps of the mosque, and at every turn of the staircase *there she was*, waiting for him! Such a tragedy as this was a new terror in life. Where was the Prophet, where was Allah now; where even the words which had so often echoed full-throated from his copious gorge as he surveyed the faithful prostrate before him? Yet he *must* pull himself together and do his duty, calling all *men* to prayer, women, of course, excluded as being without souls, poor things!

"Allah!" he began. But the words stuck in his throat as tightly as in the two snakes' throats when they tried to swallow one another. But this will never do. He *must* say *something*, and, willy-nilly, out came words of a sort, but they were far different from those to which the faithful were accustomed.

"How wondrous are the eyes of Ayesha!" he began.

Thus far he got, and the crowd thought that he was praising the wife of the Prophet for a change, although that would have been most unorthodox, for what, after all, avails that miserable baggage a woman? Never is she worthy of being even mentioned in mosque, when the thoughts of the faithful must be concentrated upon Allah, or at least upon one of the minor Prophets, such as Jesus Christ.

"How lovely are her limbs, her gestures; her movements like those of a gazelle; her lips like pomegranates!"

Several members of the congregation eyed one another with astonished queries, though this, of course, was not easy to do when extended full length upon the pavement. However, they did manage to catch one another's astonishment and awaited developments with many a wriggle of the body, divided between the divine and the ridiculous.

"Such eyes I never yet beheld and she dwells in one of the adjacent suburbs. She rides upon an ass, like Mary, Mother of Jesus. Worship her!" This was too much, and the devout silence was broken by howls and threats. A fragment of stone was hurled at Abduraman and splintered on the wall behind him. Many of the faithful rose up from their reclining posture and, with fists clenched, began to press round the pulpit.

Abduraman at last managed to save himself by intoning one of the usual hymns

of the ritual, which calmed down the invaders for the moment. Then he nimbly slid out of the pulpit and out of the mosque, thanking his stars he had saved his skin, and wondering whether he was permanently insane or for the afternoon only. The image of Ayesha, of course, accompanied him. After such an explosion of amatory longing the Mussulman authorities thought, rightly, that they would not continue to employ Abduraman as Nogia in Skolpije. So it was politely signified to him that he had best pack up at once and transfer his attentions to a minor locality, where his sin would be discounted by the ignorance of his hearers.

But it was all of no avail. On the second day of his installation the unhappy Abduraman began to intone his call to the faithful from the pulpit, but instead of the usual well-worn words flowing from that capacious larynx, there came forth the same strange rapture, thus: "Allah! Allah! but Ayesha's eyes are really incomparable and her mouth is like a ripe pomegranate newly sliced open."

Again the faithful rose in revolt at this new solecism of Islam, worse than any Waft, and again swarmed round the pulpit. Again poor Abduraman owed his safety to a still nimble pair of legs.

The next day he telegraphed his resignation to his superiors and took leave of his wives and family ties. Nothing was

heard of him for a long period, during which the fair Ayesha remained quite unconscious of the stir her astounding beauty had created in Skolpije or elsewhere, for her contacts with the outside world were nil.

But one day she was being conducted on the same donkey by the same driver to a new residence purchased by her lord and master. Happening to pass near a certain pebbly brook she saw for an instant a man's figure habited like a hermit. Only for a moment, however, for in one instant he had covered his face with his hands and had rushed down a narrow cliff to a cavern at its foot and disappeared.

The driver of the donkey then told her that the monk was the Nogia of the mosque in Skolpije, who had decided to end his days there in solitude.

"Why so?" asked the maiden.

"Because he saw one more beautiful than Allah allows mortal woman to be and desired her. He has vowed to atone for his sin by living the rest of his life in the cave by the brook."

"Who was that maiden? I pray you tell me," said Ayesha.

"It is not fitting that her name should be named before one of the daughters of the faithful," replied her escort.

And the donkey brayed. [THE END.]



Hay Wrightson

THE DONNA DEGNA PARESCÉ

The most recent portrait of the eldest daughter of the late Marchese Marconi and the present Marquise di Montecorona, who is an aunt of Lord Inchiquin. Donna Degna Paresce's husband, Signor Gabriele Paresce, is Press Attaché at the Italian Embassy in London

This England . . .



Oxfordshire—from the Chilterns nr. Stokenchurch

CRY not too swiftly with the good Dr. Johnson upon words “not yet refined from the grossness of domestic use.” For many are much older than we who find them new. When you “rummage” among words (an Elizabethan term for stowing the hold of a ship) you find that the “chap” or chapman who is your “boss” has in this last a name that has travelled six thousand miles from Holland via the Newer World. And if, like distant forebears, you go upon a “hike” and fatigue o’ertakes you, remember that luncheon is but a confusion with the ancient “nuncheon”—Middle English none-chenche—or midday draught. Then should you pour yourself a Worthington; a more youthful name for an old, old beer, refined these centuries past for domestic use.



AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Aerodrowning.

YOU can pronounce it according to your own experience— aerodrowning, with the last part as in "owning," or aerodrowning with the last part as in "drowning," for the Aerodrome Owners' Association has made it plain during the past few days, at its meetings and at its dinner, that it is almost impossible for a person who takes over the ownership of an aerodrome to predict if he will swim or sink. This much, however, is clear, that without the urgent efforts of the tax-payer there would be a great deal more sinking going on than there is. Captain Harold Balfour, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, uttered a warning to this effect at the dinner. He pointed out that aviation is now almost entirely supported by the tax-payer in this country. It is not aviation's fault, or the Government's fault, or even the tax-payer's fault; it is the fault of the oratorical time-bombs which are set to go off at unexpected intervals in Germany and Italy. While there remains the risk that the radio may at any moment bring to us a furious *Führer* fortissimo, out-yelling the heftiest Wagnerian prima donna, we have got to keep aviation going, even if it does cost a lot.

But Captain Balfour was very wise to point out that this state of things cannot continue for ever. The day must come when there will be either war or disarmament. If it is war, everything, including aviation, goes into the melting-pot. If it is peace, aviation will have a stiff task before it in order to get rid of the tax-payer's expensive bath-chair and walk on its own feet. Personally, although I recognise the difficulties which aviation would have to face, although I appreciate that from being an enormous thing it would become a very small thing, I long for that switch-over from armaments to transport and touring.

was presided over by Lord Londonderry. Incidentally, Lord Londonderry, being a Marquess, ought surely to have been addressed and put on the toast-list as "The Most Hon.," and not "The Rt. Hon." I admit to being exceedingly vague about such matters, but if we



THE HUNDRED-THOUSANDTH AIR
FRANCE PASSENGER

Mrs. Jocelyn Richardson, a London milliner, of Buckingham Gate, had the good fortune to book the 100,000th ticket sold by Air France in 1938. She was invited to Paris as a guest of the Company and fêted for three days. She is here seen arriving at Le Bourget, and being greeted by M. Tirard, president of Air France, and M. Lucien Bossutrot (extreme left), who was the first pilot on France's London-Paris line in 1919. He is now a member of the *Chambre des Députés*



AIR VICE MARSHAL AND
MRS. SHOLTO DOUGLAS

A recent photograph taken of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff and his wife. He was appointed to this position in February of last year, and there are few people so well qualified to fill the post

In the end it is the only healthy condition. Fortunately, although the switch-over would be bound to bring its setbacks, they would probably be less severe for aerodrome owners than for some aircraft-and-engine-makers.

The Gathering.

A large number of guests attended the dinner, which

best speakers in the aircraft world, was at the top of his form, and Councillor Primrose told some admirable stories, one of them being concerned with the Milk Marketing Board, of which, it was announced, he is a member. Here it is: Asked by his small son which was the best kind of milk, a certain father replied that mother's milk was best because the cat could not get at it, it did not turn in summer, and the Milk Marketing Board had nothing whatever to do with it. I forget how this question was linked up with aerodromes, but I think that the transition was in some complicated manner connected with the use of aerodrome grass. Altogether, it was an entertaining occasion, and it is to be hoped that it helped to elucidate the problems of aerodrome ownership.

North Atlantic.

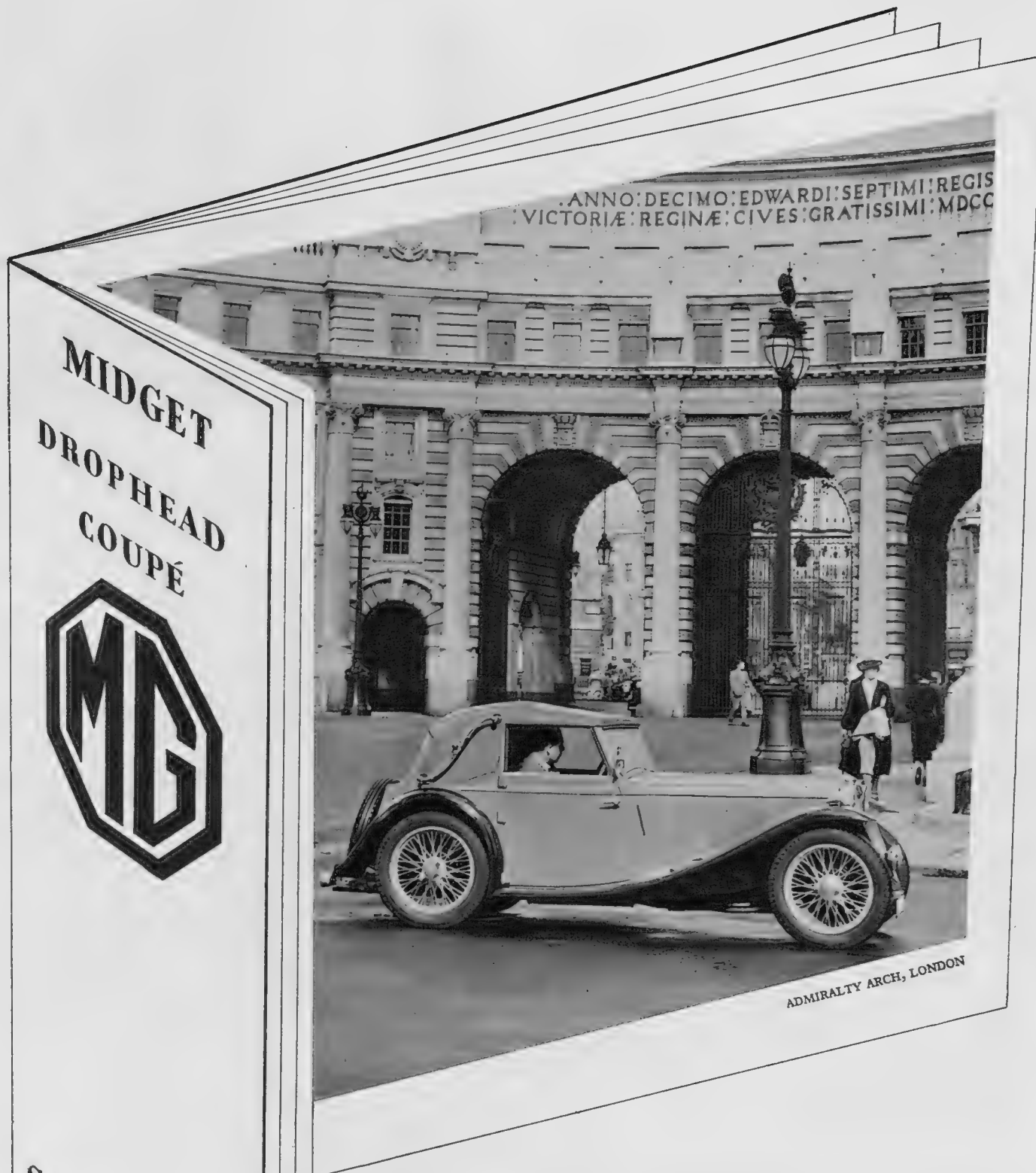
France and America are moving rapidly towards the establishment of a North Atlantic air service. M. René Charpentier, who since 1927 has run the Air France service between Geneva and Lyons almost single-handed, has just been appointed second in command to M. Paul Codos on the North Atlantic route. Charpentier was flying during the war, and made himself a high reputation as a pilot of reconnaissance and bombing aeroplanes. According to a Swiss newspaper, in which I first saw the news of Charpentier's new appointment, the French are concentrating on the sub-stratosphere for their Atlantic work. Experimentally they will use a pressure cabin machine with a range of 7500 kilometres at between eight and ten thousand metres.

(Continued on page 322)



WOMAN PILOT AS FLYING INSTRUCTOR

Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson is one of the ten women pilots in the country qualified to act as flying instructors. She is engaged daily teaching men and women to fly at Chigwell airfield for the Romford Flying Club. She is also the founder of the Women's Auxiliary Air Reserve at that town. The photograph shows this very accomplished airwoman about to take a pupil on an instructional flight



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"I met a man the other day who had, throughout his motoring lifetime, always bought the same make of car—a most uninteresting series. He also made a point of never driving his friends' cars. When I gave him a run in an M.G. and insisted on him taking the wheel he was, to say the least of it, a little staggered. He summed up his impressions rather well when he said at the conclusion of the run, "Well, now I know what 'Safety Fast' means!"

Cecil Kimber

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By JOHN OLIVER

Design for Motoring.

I'M always puzzled to know what happens to the everything - in - the - garden's - lovely school of peace and prosperity boosters when things do really take a turn for the better. If, when we are on the brink of war, they force their synthetic optimism down our throats, what can they feed us with when there seems to be a reasonable chance of peace? For it does look a little as if we may have a respite. The City, that ultra-sensitive but often eminently untrustworthy barometer of world affairs, is—as I write—cheering up; and if only Mussolini would follow Hitler in his wolf-into-Father-Christmas act, we might settle down to a little quiet work and play. Anyhow, I believe that the respite, even if it be only momentary, has been of great value to motoring and has helped things forward a lot. The tendency to hang on to the old car and to use that as little as possible has been drastically modified, and there are signs that automobilism in general is once more on the up-grade.

In these pages, as my regular readers know, I am not seeking to bolster up commercial interests. Unlike some newspapers which are so tied up with the big drapers that if the Last Trump were sounding they would still call on their readers to give their wives an "end-of-the-world present," this article is free to say that the outlook is gloomy if it is gloomy. And it has been very gloomy. But, I repeat, the gloom is gradually being dissipated. With caution, yet with hope, we may look forward to a season of peacetime motoring. And the motor-cars themselves will see that it is a good season.

Changes.

For the motor-car has changed a good deal in the last ten years. It has learnt the meaning of that much-abused word "service," and the consequence is that touring can be planned in a way that was impossible not very long ago. Snag after snag has been tackled by the engineers and abolished and, to-day, although there are so many different makes of cars, it may be said with truth of all of them that they give good service. The differences lie mainly in the kind of service. Big speed and acceleration out of a small engine, for instance, are obtainable. Consumption figures reaching in miles per gallon almost the high level of the cigarettes per sentence in *Design for Living* are also obtainable. Or you can have your big, sheep-dog engine. Easy-running, quiet, obedient; an engine which gives certain running qualities much prized by some motorists.

It is partly because there is such variety that motoring is so interesting. I suppose the most remarkable thing recently has been the improved fuel-consumption figures, for in some models these have been pushed up in a manner which was formerly thought to be impossible. Technical men in some of the companies tell me that the possibilities have not yet been fully explored, and that they expect to



WITH THE COTTESMORE

Mrs. Robin Wilson, who was formerly Lady Jersey, with Lady Willoughby de Eresby. They were a part of the mechanised brigade the day the Cottessmore met at Pickwell after their hunt ball



A BRITISH CAR ON AN AMERICAN ROAD

A 3-litre Sunbeam-Talbot sports car alongside one of the numerous sign-boards in Virginia commemorative of the American Civil War. The picture was taken during the survey of the route which will be followed by a large party of British motorists visiting the U.S.A. next summer. The Sunbeam-Talbot is as much at home on the roads of Old Virginia as she is upon her own home surface

make still further advances in the future. Incidentally, it occurs to me that direct petrol injection should theoretically give the best possible consumption figures if only the metering could be made accurate to within extremely narrow limits. I shall be interested to see whether experimental work now being done with petrol injection and the concurrent abolition of the carburetter bears fruit.

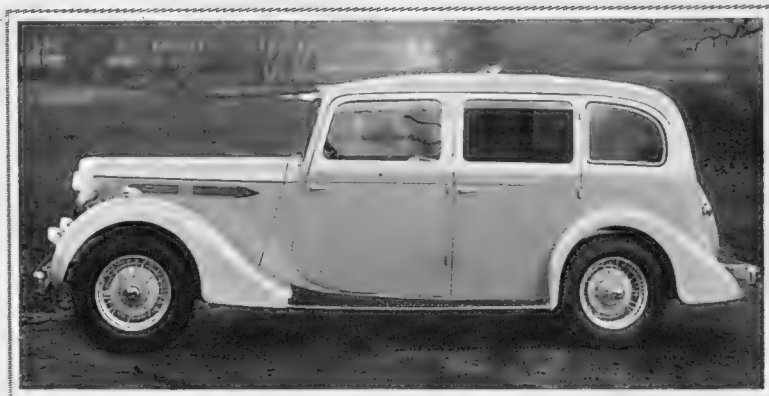
Coachbuilding.

The reconstitution of Barker and Co., the coach-builders, acts as a reminder that coachbuilding is the traditional part of motoring, with a long history of development behind it. This company is, I believe, about 230 years old. It did work for George III. and received the Royal Warrant from William IV. It made a stage coach for the first Duke of Wellington. Altogether, the petrol engine looks like a nasty little upstart when it is compared with the coachwork that is associated with it; though I won't go so far as to liken it to the frequently met *ménage* formed by the cohabitation of big business and beauty. Actually the coachbuilding industry, so I am told by the Barker people, did not establish itself in this country until the year 1700. But in the present year it continues to lend distinction to transport and to play an important part in the popular appeal of motoring.

Racing.

That is a grave communiqué issued by the E.R.A. Club. It says that "Unless something is done the firm of E.R.A., Ltd. may close down." Now this firm is a curious one in that it has not entered the ordinary commercial motor-car field. It has made racing motor-cars since its beginning in 1934 and it has made them very well indeed. They have won important

(Continued on page 322)



THE MAHARAJAH OF NAWANAGAR'S DAIMLER

This Daimler "24," which has been specially built for H.H. the Maharajah of Nawanagar, has a colour-scheme carried out in pale blue, with silver roof, wings and wheels, H.H.'s favourite colours. The Maharajah is the adopted son of the famous "Ranji," whom the cricket world has never ceased to mourn

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combining to a degree never before achieved, the economies of a 10 h.p. car with the comfort and performance far above its rating.

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from the lively but reliable 4 cyl. o.h.v. engine developing 40 b.h.p.

LOW FUEL CONSUMPTION

due to incorporation of power-plus cylinder heads delivering more power per pint of petrol.

DUNLOPILLO UPHOLSTERY

cradled in long supple coil springs, gives remarkable comfort.

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Real walnut; choice woods; hand-polished. Real leather trim.

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smooths out road shocks and eliminates pitch and sway.

Wolseley Motors Ltd. standardize Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Safety Glass, and Jackall Jacks.

PRICE
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WITH JACKALLS

£220

(PRICES EX-WORKS)

SEE ONE AT YOUR
WOLSELEY DEALER'S

Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, 8; Distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

Petrol—(Continued from page 320)

events in all parts of England and the Continent and they have done a great deal more than is generally recognized to uphold British motoring prestige. The work has been very expensive and it has been financed by Mr. Humphrey Cook. British motoring owes a great deal to Mr. Cook, and it has yet to show its gratitude in an appropriate manner. If anybody deserved honours it is he. And now at last he says that he feels he cannot continue on the present basis.

The question that arises is: Is there anybody else sufficiently patriotic and sufficiently interested in motoring and motor racing, to come forward and help the E.R.A. Company to continue its work of building racing motor cars capable of competing with the best foreign machines? The E.R.A. Club rightly puts the matter frankly and clearly. "We appeal," it says over the signature of its Hon. Secretary, "to the sportsmen of this country to show Mr. Cook through the E.R.A. Club that they appreciate his generosity and that they are willing to help him if they possibly can."

* * *

No-Waiting.

Down in the official motoring and retailers' organizations, something seems to have stirred. A strong protest against the Ministry of Transport's proposed "no-waiting" regulations has been made by numerous official bodies and a public inquiry has been demanded. If the Minister goes forward without such an inquiry, he will be flouting public opinion in a manner unprecedented in this country.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 318)

Charpentier was one of the first pilots on the London-Paris service, when he was flying for the old Air Union, and many regular air passengers of that time will remember him. With this team and provided the new high flying machines prove satisfactory, the Franco-American agreement for the North Atlantic route seems likely to prove fruitful.

* * *

U.S.A.

The unbiased will approve the Government order for more Lockheed and North American aeroplanes. The contracts for these machines are being promptly executed, and the machines themselves look as

if they will be satisfactory. A compliment is due to the American makers for the businesslike way they are fulfilling these orders. Moreover, there seems good reason to suppose that the French will be equally well satisfied with the machines they have ordered from America.

That story about a dive with one of these American fighters at 925 kilometres an hour, however, should be accepted with reserve. People are remarkably credulous about speed, and it is difficult to explain to a person not familiar with flying how speed on a straight course or in a dive, may give an entirely false impression of a machine's real speed capabilities. Actually no reported speed is worth bothering about unless it has full official confirmation by the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*. This American dive speed, and the English London-Edinburgh speed, are neither of them true indications of aircraft performance

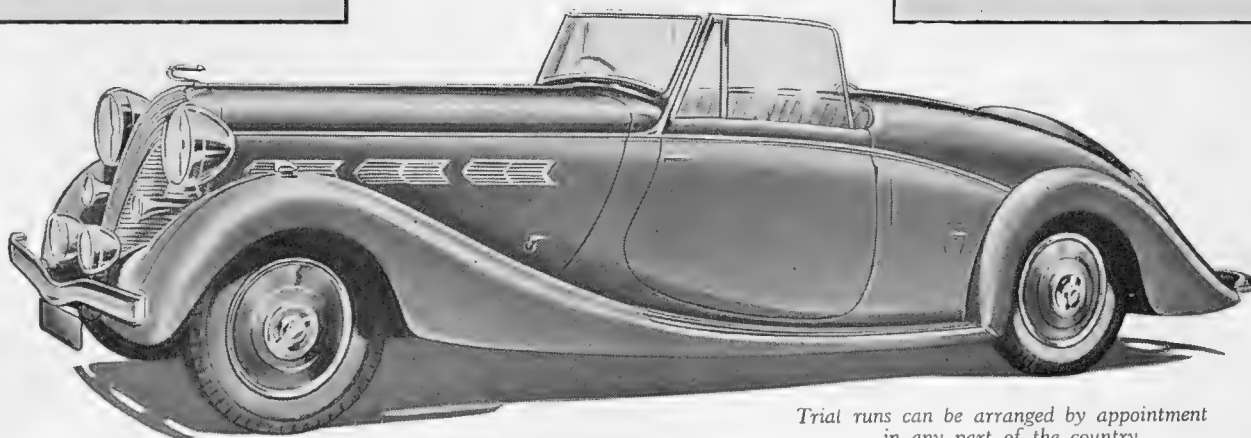
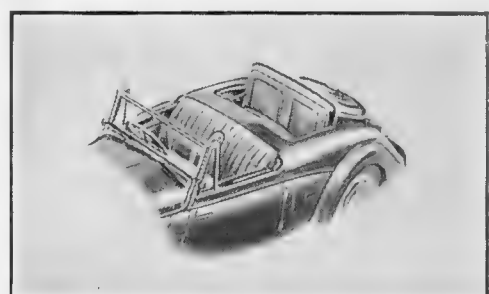
Golf—(Continued from page 290)

Meanwhile I hope that we shall soon have heard the last of what is rapidly amounting to a squabble about whether Locke is "entitled" to a match with Cotton for some fabulous stake. Cotton's attitude in refusing is inspired by the Professional Golfers' Association, of whose committee he is a member. The question of whether they are justified in their trade union policy of the "closed shop" is a matter we need not go into now, but apart from this is anyone entitled to a match with anyone else? If I turned professional tomorrow, there is nothing I should like more than a match with Cotton, backed by someone else's money—and if we could divide the gate receipts so much the better. In fairness to Locke it must be said that he has suggested that the winner should take all the gate money, but the usual practice is to divide it. If I were Cotton, I should demand 75 per cent of the gate receipts for a match with any British player except the reigning champion. A match in which Cotton is interested—not of course on these terms—is against Harry Cooper, the most consistent player in the United States, who is probably coming over for the championship at St. Andrews. There's a game for you!

The tournaments for men and women amateur golfers promoted by *The Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* are to be continued this year. No fewer than 1,055 clubs entered in the men's competition last year and 978 clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union took part in the women's event



TRIUMPH DOLOMITE *Roadster Coupé*



*Trial runs can be arranged by appointment
in any part of the country.*

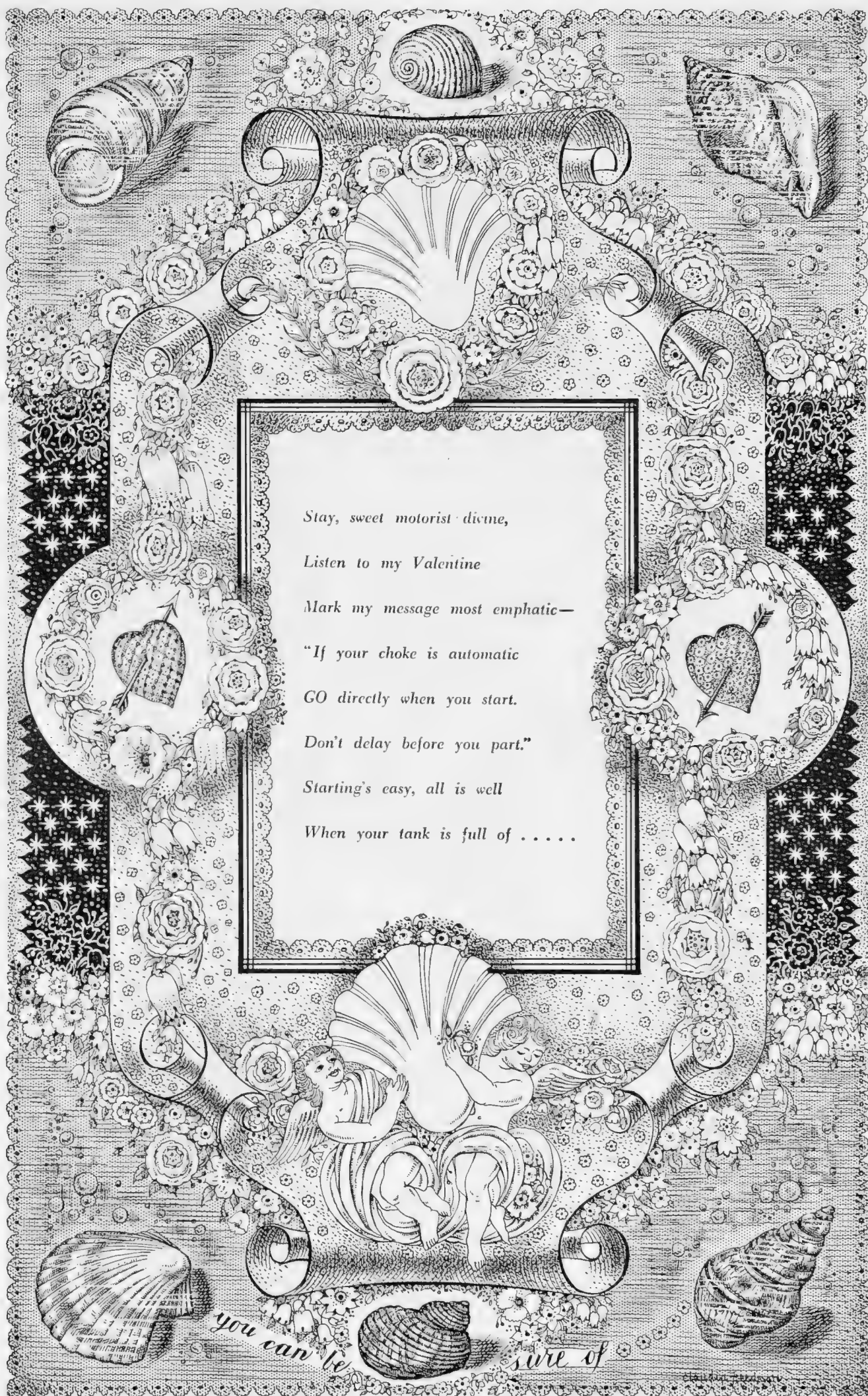
This beautiful model which was introduced last summer met with such an immediate and overwhelming reception, that it was quite impossible to accept many of the orders that were offered conditional upon quick delivery being given.

With the approach of the touring season we earnestly recommend intending purchasers to place their orders at once if they wish to avoid disappointment in delivery.

Coachwork of this character and quality can only be achieved by the hand-work of highly skilled craftsmen, and necessarily takes considerable time to produce. The price for building a body such as the Dolomite Roadster to a private order would be at least £500 and it is only by carefully planned production methods that we are able to offer the 14/65 h.p. model as a complete car for £395 and the 2-litre for £450. These prices include wheel discs, twin mellotone horns, Dunlopillo upholstery and a very luxurious equipment.

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THE NOVEL INVENTION
IN
CIGARETTE
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Easy to smoke!



Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 301)

The projected film of the life and achievements of Lord Kitchener, for which, so I gather, material is being assembled, may, or, on the other hand, may not, be a wise adventure. It is a very difficult problem. Speaking without any definite information, I gather that the Battle of Omdurman has got to be included. I do not see how it can be left out; but I also gather, from information received that *The Four Feathers* film has stolen most of the thunder where this particular incident is concerned. However, there is so much more that is very picturesque and very dramatic that they may be able to cut out the River War entirely—but all the same I sincerely hope that they will not. I am told that Sir George Arthur is standing by—and naturally he is a very great stand-by, but there are so many people who are capable of filling in little gaps and I hope that the collector and producer may find them. Another thing I hope is that Lord Kitchener will *not* be presented as a "Grim War Lord." He was a war lord right enough, and a bit grim to those who were incompetent, but he was a very human person with a great sense of humour. This



AT AN "IN AID" IN NORTHAMPTON

Some of the hard-working people who took a part in the recent concert in aid of the Y.W.C.A. organized by Mrs. G. H. Winterbottom, of Cosgrove Hall, and held in the Exeter Hall, Northampton. The names in the picture are (left to right): Captain Hyde Upward, Mrs. G. H. Winterbottom, Captain S. Trevor and Mr. E. Kitchener

may be a bit of news to some, but dis nigger had the honour to know him and to encounter that particular side of his character. Parts of the history will be a very prickly thing to tackle, especially, if I may suggest it, the period of the Curzon-Kitchener episode.

* * *

Brown Paper Twice, the latest sporting book by Major Colin Davy which has been published by Collins, is written by someone who knows all about the subject he tackles, which is quite as it should be, because people who write about things that they have never done, and probably have only heard about, always skate upon very thin ice and quite often fall in. Major Davy's book is about the dangerous adventure called steeplechasing, mixed up with the far more dangerous one of love-making. I am certain that the author knows all about the first of these things, but knowing nothing about the other of course I am not in any position to judge. The hero ends up by riding the winner of the National and marrying the very charming heroine, which is all very right and proper. To attain both these objects he has to work his passage pretty hard, and one is bound to admit that he fully deserves both pairs of brackets. Of course, there is a villain in the piece, but he is not quite so deeply-dyed as some that even I have met in real life, and he does his stuff with possibly the very best intentions. There is an excellent description of the National which alone makes this book worth while. From some biographical detail supplied about the author I cull just this one vivid little paragraph:—

"From 1922 to '28 he rode regularly over fences in England but had many more falls than winners. Had four serious accidents, including a broken neck, and while in hospital recovering began to write short racing stories. On the third visit to hospital wrote first novel (racing) *Luck's Pendulum*, 1928.

"Won the Army boxing championship in 1923 as a featherweight but had another fall immediately afterwards, and on being asked to represent the Army at boxing, answered that the 'answer was in the infirmary.' Was never asked again, and did not regret it."



Owning a Humber is by no means the prerogative of those to whom price is of no account. Rather is it a matter deserving of emphasis that Humber Ownership can in fact be your personal pride at surprisingly reasonable cost. The name of Humber instinctively implies quality, yet Humber prices are a good deal lower than perhaps you imagine.

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The Highway of FASHION

By M.E. Brooke



THERE seems no danger that any monotony shall creep into the land of millinery. There are sailors, bonnets, berets, the peak crown and a host of weird affairs enriched with flowers and gaily coloured veils that float away into space, as it were. All these have flattering interpretations in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. A feature is made of 12s. 11d. hats for younger women. Standing out with prominence in this collection is a model inspired by a miniature Dolly Varden, with a red rose nestling in the folds of the crown. This and the guinea collection are well worth a visit to view. Regarding the hats portrayed, they are destined to be worn on three distinctly different occasions. The model on the right is entirely made of felt, even the aeroplane wings, and, with the veil, it is 49s. 6d. It is really just right for lunch and informal social occasions. The hat at the top of the page on the left will look ultra smart and appropriate for spring race meetings. It is made in fancy angora, the crown being draped with coloured crêpe de Chine; with a scarf to match the price is 49s. 6d. The hat at the base of the page is 35s. 9d., carried out in a soft stitched material with a contrasting band. The brim can be easily adjusted

Pictures by Blake



...loveliness is English

Many years ago, no doubt, the way of the earnest seeker after

Beauty was hard. But not so today. For now there is available, to each discriminating woman, the CYCLAX System of Beauty Treatment.

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SKIN FOOD

Nourishes and stimulates the skin, keeping the tissues firm, and the contour youthful. In four gradations according to type of skin. Prices: 4/- to 42/-.

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Tailored Suits



INDIVIDUALITY is reflected in the tailored suits in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Emphasis must also be laid on the excellence of the detail work. Note the shoulders, pockets and general silhouette of the suits pictured, one of which is double and the other single breasted. There are many other models from which to choose. Until the end of February, any of the designs may be made to order (thereby ensuring a perfect fit) for 8½ guineas. After this month the price will be 10½ guineas, up to 42 hips. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of materials in which these suits look remarkably well; they include herring-bone suitings, tweeds, fine worsteds and flannels, good for town or for the country. Patterns of these materials, together with self-measurement forms and sketches of other designs, would gladly be sent on application

Pictures by Blake



"I wish I had a wind-proof skin, Jane Seymour!"

"How I hate the winter!" was her heartfelt cry when she came to my Salon. "These biting winds make my skin so rough and red. What can I do about it?"

"Go in for scientific protective treatment," I said, smiling. "Keep away from soap and water as much as possible. Instead, 'wash' every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic, then *soak* your skin with Orange Skin Food. Remove all grease and brace your circulation with more Juniper in the morning."

"Sounds grand," she said, "and what about make-up?"

"Use Protective Cream as your foun-

dation. It's so soothing and comforting. If you work it in really well, it will keep your skin smooth and clear—even in face of a north-easter! Press in plenty of Dryskin Powder. It will give you added protection."

Some time later, she was in again, looking quite blooming. "You gave me marvellous advice!" she said. "My skin's almost wind-proof now!"

Get my book, 'Speaking Frankly' from any shop that sells my preparations—or direct from me—Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.

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Trade Mark

Signature Tune

*Yardley
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LAVENDER perfume, "The Lovable Fragrance," has been chosen by Yardley as the "signature tune" for their series of luxuries for the bath and toilet. There is a subtle fascination about the scent that makes a direct appeal to the modern woman. A fact not generally realized is that a few drops sprinkled on the palm of the hand and then inhaled will conquer a headache or that stuffiness which is so often the harbinger of a cold. The bath luxuries have a decidedly beneficial effect on the skin. They are sold all the world over where the English language is spoken and in many other places



THE artistic bottles on the left are filled with Yardley's "Lovable Fragrance." Other bottles of this perfume are seen at the top of the page on the right. The soap increases the beneficial effects of any bath. A box of three tablets, toilet size, is 2s. 6d. and bath size 4s. 6d. Bath Salt Tablets are likewise pictured, some in a

cabinet and others in an artistic box. In the centre of the group of pictures on the right is a bottle of Bath Salt Crystals. Such a luxury, and one that appeals to men as well as women, is the Lavender bath bowl and whisk. The soap lathers freely, while the friction created by the whisk persuades the pores to do their duty. Last, but by no means the least attractive, is Lavendomeal. When sprinkled in the bath it makes the water as soft as rain, even in the most obstinate hard-water district. In addition to water-softening elements it contains cereals which keep the skin smooth and supple

Pictures by Blake





Winter Season 1939 - Some Outstanding Dates

March 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer.
 ★ March 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ March 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ March 16th. Golf-Rivett Carnac Challenge Cup. ★ March 22nd. Mme Maria Reining, singer. ★ March 24th. Jacques Février, pianist. ★ March 29th. Torsten Ralf, tenor. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens. ★ April 5th. Gala Concert conducted by Erich Kleiber. ★ April 6th. Golf - President's Challenge Cup. ★ April 7th. Brahms' Requiem conducted by Erich Kleiber. ★ April 10th. - 16th. Easter Tennis Tournament. ★ April 12th. & 14th. Concerts with Fritz Kreisler.

The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited and all travel agencies.

Beauty ABROAD

and AT HOME

A round of winter gaiety—you at the centre—radiant in sports clothes, porcelain fair at dances and parties. For versatile glamour is yours with Helena Rubinstein's weatherproof treatment. It cherishes complexion youth. Guards your beauty. It carries you into spring with a springtime bloom!



Weatherproof Treatment

At night: Give your skin a new lease on loveliness with Cleansing and Massage Cream. It leaves the pores immaculately clean, skin glowing and refreshed, 5/6. Feed youth into your skin with Perfection Cream. Its rich, protective herbal ingredients and youth-giving biological elements build resistance to lines, roughness and redness, 5/6, 10/6. In the morning or when convenient: Cleanse with Cream, then tone, brace and refine with Skin Toning Lotion, 5/-, 9/6.



Make-up for Sports

With Sun-Tonic, the biological film that shields skin from burning and parching, 5/6. Follow with youthful, vivacious Red Coral Rouge, and Lipstick 4/6 each. Add the warm glow of Peaches and Cream Powder, 4/6-21/-. Finish with a drop of Herbal Eye Tissue Oil for protection around the eyes and to give eyelids a youthful sheen, 5/6.

Sparkle for the Night

Give your skin a glamorous film with Town and Country Foundation, 4/6. For your crinolines choose Rose-Pink Rouge, Lipstick and matching Nail Groom, 4/6 each. For your dramatic frocks, select deep, glowing Red Velvet make-up. Accent your eyes with Iridescent Eye Shadow, 4/6 and Persian Mascara, 5/-.

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Weddings and Engagements

Marrying Today.

Mr. J. de Laszlo and Miss Peggy Cruise are being married at Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone, at 2.30 p.m. today. Mr. de Laszlo is the youngest son of the late Philip de Laszlo, M.V.O., and Mrs. de Laszlo, and his bride is the daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, G.C.V.O., and Marjorie, Lady Cruise.

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant-Commander J. O. Mansell, Royal Navy, Royal Air Force Station, Geletar, Singapore, younger son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Mansell, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.L., J.P., and Lady Mansell, Rose Cottage, Farnham Common, and Sheila, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. McDonnell, of Singapore and Hull; Mr. J. H. 1. Aubrey-Fletcher, eldest son of Major Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bart., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton House, Aylesbury, and Diana Fynvola, only child of the late



Hay Wrightson

MISS ELEANOR HOARE

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hoare, of Taddyforde House, Exeter, who is engaged to Commander Hugh Dalrymple-Smith, R.N., late of Sunderland

Lieut.-Colonel A. Egerton, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Robert Bruce, of Bentworth Lodge, Alton; Mr. H. P. W. Murray, son of Sir Hugh and Lady Murray, of Bramble Hill Lodge, Lyndhurst, and Marion Olive, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neatby, Court House, Chiselborough, Somerset; Major W. J. Colyer, 9th Jat Regiment, son of the late James Colyer and Mrs. Colyer, of Hove, and Cynthia Margaret, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Stow, K.C.I.E., I.C.S., and Lady Stow, Dover Street, W.1; Captain R. A. Oswald, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Julian Oswald, of Auchincruive, Cavens, Dumfries, and Mary Evelyn, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Albany St. Leger Featherstonhaugh, Upcott, Cricklade, Wiltshire; Mr. A. A. K. Rugge-Price, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Rugge-Price,



Dorothy Wilson

MISS ROSEMARY GOUGH HOWELL

Who is engaged to Squadron-Leader R. Ramsay Rae, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Ramsay Rae, of Lindfield, New South Wales. Miss Gough Howell is the daughter of Mr. C. Gough Howell, K.C., Attorney General, Straits Settlements, and of Mrs. Gough Howell, Singapore



Yvonne Gregory

MISS HELEN VILLIERS

The daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel C. Villiers, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of Lady Kathleen Villiers, who is engaged to Mr. Nicholas Eliot, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the eldest son of the Hon. Sir Montague and Lady Eliot

Bart., and Lady Rugge-Price, of Beaucroft, Wimborne, Dorset, and Joan Lisette Douglas, youngest daughter of Mr. A. D. Pilkington and the late Mrs. Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, Berks; Mr. J. A. P. Bagge, elder son of Mr. J. P. Bagge, C.M.G., and Mrs. Bagge, and Elizabeth Helena, second daughter of Mr. D. James Davies, C.B.E., Newfoundland Commissioner in London, and Mrs. Davies; Mr. D. Fremantle, son of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle and the late Lady Fremantle, and Patience, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. E. Culme-Seymour; Mr. C. J. M. Fletcher, of Eton College, younger son of the late Mr. C. E. Fletcher, C.B.E., of Highbury New Park, London, and of Mrs. Fletcher, and Isabel Clare, only daughter of the late Major Reginald Chenevix Trench and Mrs. Chenevix Trench, of Durwood, Sandhurst, Berks; Mr. M. H. de Zoete, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman de Zoete, of Radwell Mill House, Baldock, Herts, and Elizabeth Anne Bevan, eldest daughter of the late Maurice Bevan and Mrs. Bevan, of Meesden Hall, Buntingford, Herts

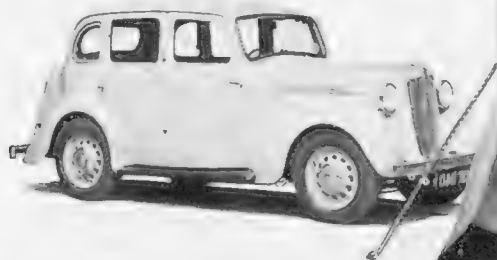
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A ST. BERNARD SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT



MRS. MOLLY ABBOTT AND HER "PUNCH"

The one and only thing lacking in the success of the fifty-third anniversary of the great show was the presence of the founder. Mr. Charles Cruft died last year. This year's show was organized by his widow and his secretary, and there was a fine entry of 8,839. A big feature was the gun-dog entry, but, as our pictures display, none of our old familiar friends were absent. The St. Bernard looks on with his customary dignity while the fair artist transfers him to paper, and Molly Abbott's bull most thoroughly typifies our national spirit and is a right good specimen of it



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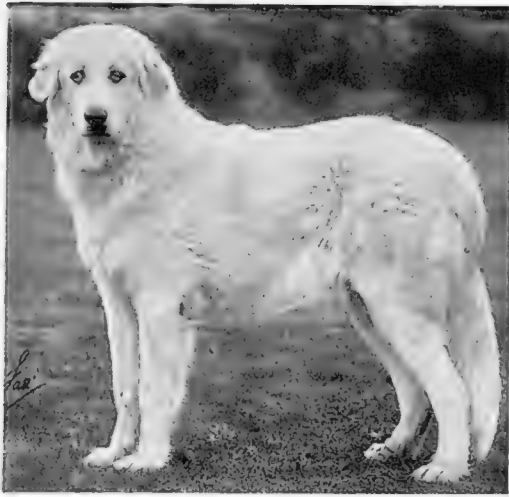
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Open Show is at Olympia on March 14. Every one who has not received a schedule should write to Mrs. Pye, 14 Elgin Road, Addiscombe, Croydon. I hope all our members will make up their minds to make the show a success. There is no better place for a show than Olympia, accessible, warm and well lighted. Also it should be a good time as there have not been too many shows. So please enter all you can and encourage your friends to do likewise.

In accordance with modern ideas, the show

youngster. Mme Trois Fontaines usually has puppies for sale.

Miss Ursula Glaisby will shortly have some most attractive Dandie Dinmont puppies to dispose of to good homes. There is no variety of dog that has more attractive puppies that grow into the most admirable companions than the Dandie. From their breeding these puppies should be suitable for show, although they would make excellent companions to those who like their pets to be blue-blooded. The prices are extremely reasonable, as the litters are particularly well bred. Miss Glaisby is anxious to dispose of these before the holiday season draws on since she also runs first-class boarding kennels where the visiting dogs are well fed and well housed in warm kennels with good exercising runs. Being a believer in fair play



BOSTON TERRIER

Property of Lady Essex



DANDIES

Property of Miss Glaisby

and the value of personal attention, Miss Glaisby likes to keep her own kennel as small as possible during the busy season.

She is always quite willing to collect and redeliver her paying guests by car or rail providing that their homes are not at an unreasonable distance from Longfield. There is a small extra fee for this service.

The Boston Terrier has been for many years the dog of America. He is a smart lively little dog full of life and intelligence. For some reason he has taken quite a long time to get a footing in this country, but he has at last done so and is going ahead well. He is not only an excellent companion but sporting as well, and enjoys a hunt after rabbit and rat. Lady Essex owns one of the foremost kennels of Bostons. The picture is of one of the most promising youngsters, Ukanssee Dandy.

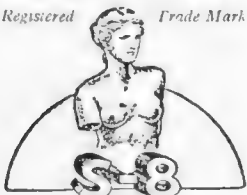
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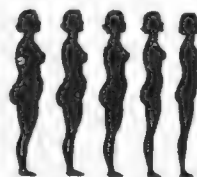
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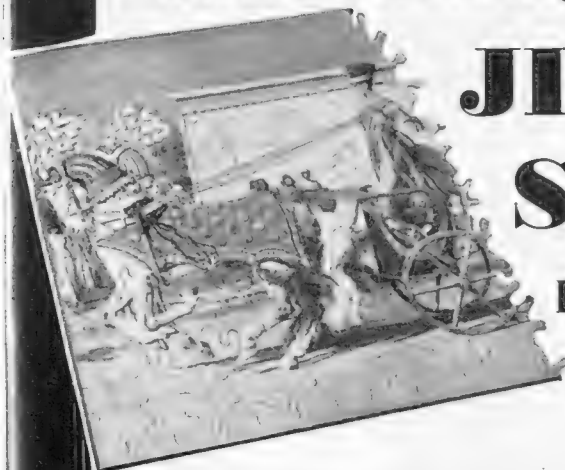


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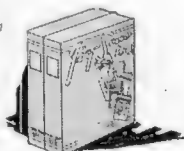
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Lord Southwood's Christmas Day appeal on behalf of the British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund raised the sum of £33,800—the largest amount ever received by any charity as a direct result of a broadcast appeal.

In his appeal, Lord Southwood promised to see that the sum of five shillings was added to every pound received. With this addition, the Fund will benefit to the extent of some £42,000.

Lord Southwood in a broadcast message recently took the opportunity of thanking all who had responded. He said that every one of the thousands of blind people who were without wireless when the appeal was made would now be provided with a set of their own. In addition, too, Lord Southwood revealed that the majority of those whose sets are old-fashioned will now be equipped with new sets of the very latest type.

The Ballet Ball, a masked fancy dress ball in aid of The Lilian Baylis Memorial (Vic Wells Extension Fund), will be held at the Dorchester Hotel, on Wednesday, March 22, at 10 p.m., the chairman being Mrs. Malcolm Sargent.

Lilian Baylis died at a moment when the work of her two theatres had reached its highest level, both in quality and in acceptance of its value. All that remained to complete her life's task was to ensure the continuance of that work and to make its further advance possible. This is the whole purpose of the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund, which, when complete, will have provided Sadler's Wells with an addition, to be named the "Lilian Baylis Memorial,"

that will give to this country an efficient centre for its National Opera and National Ballet.

This is provision for everybody, even the poorest, because Sadler's Wells must, by its Foundation Scheme, sell the majority of its seats at prices the poorest can afford. The gallery 6d.; two thirds of the theatre averages less than 2/- per seat.

Of the £40,000 required, £21,000 has been contributed. Is it too much to ask this country to provide a further £19,000 in honour of a great Englishwoman, and for its own advantage? It can be done if all will help and get others to help.

Tickets for the Ballet Ball are £2 2s. 0d. each, including champagne supper, obtainable from the organizers, Mrs. Anthony Wheeler and Mrs. Frances James, Kensington Palace, W.8. Tel. Western 4740.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR NORMAN SEDDON-BROWN AT VILLARS

A snapshot taken when skipping his team during the grand curling week at Villars, where he is the President of the local Ski Club. Sir Norman Seddon-Brown's seat is Escowbeck, Caton, near Lancaster

Vivian Van Damm presented *Revueville 116*, at the Windmill Theatre, on February 13. Hal Bryan makes a welcome return after a short absence, and others in the cast are Meggie Eaton, Lorna Tarr, Eric Woodburn, Reg O'List, Dick Hurran, and two newcomers, Helen Crear and Gene Anderton. Three charming and colourful numbers to be seen in this edition are *Sentimental Valentine*, *Golden Girl*, and *Impresario Scene*; Hal Bryan helps throughout with the comedy, and Reg O'List with his guitar sings some popular songs. The ballet, *Mexicana*, is by Lisa Brionda, who dances with Teddy Haskell and the Windmill Girls, and a clever acrobatic act by Ernest Dillon.

Fay Compton is making her London variety début at the London Coliseum this week, appearing with the Royal Mastersingers, with whom she has been singing in the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre. She is presenting with them a medley of songs. Miss Compton has made a tremendous success as Principal Boy at Drury Lane this season. There are also two other turns from the pantomime in the bill, the Ganjou Brothers and Juanita, the famous adagio team in their beautiful scene "A Romance in Porcelain," and the Chevalier Brothers, who also made an astounding success in the pantomime with their comedy acrobatics. Also in the programme are Cardini, the Three Aberdonians, Tokio Horvath's World Famous Gipsy Boys' Band, and Betty Driver, a new Lancashire comedienne.

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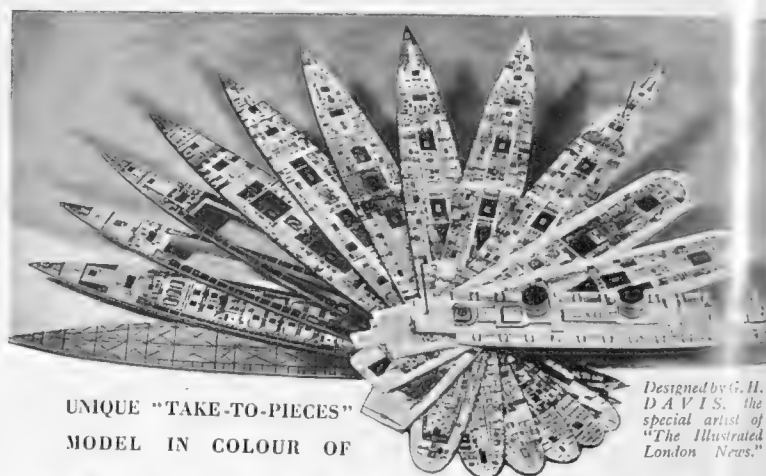
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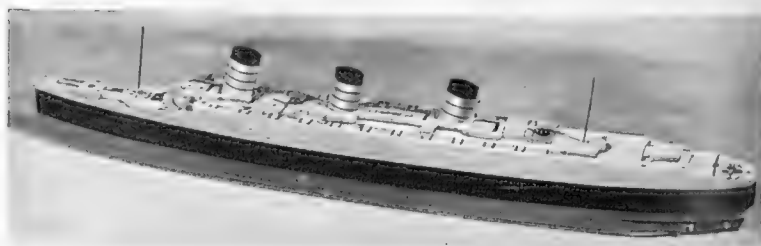


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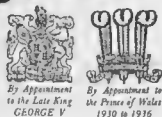
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The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR** MASTITIS, and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

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Dickins & Jones are now executing orders for Court Gowns, made in their own workrooms. The model portrayed here is in Glacier Blue Slipper Satin, with lace appliqué embroidered beads and diamanté. The train again introduces the embroidered lace—with a deep band of Slipper Satin at the foot.

Dickins & Jones

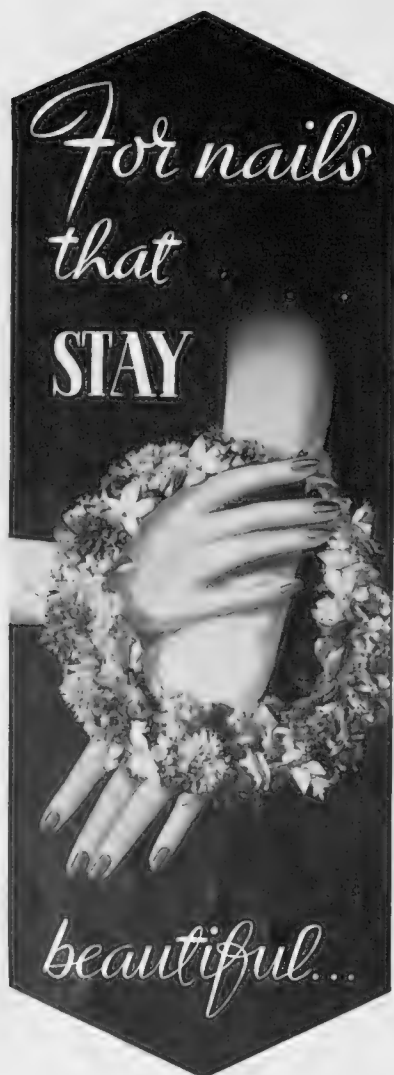
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Revlon
FASHION'S SMARTEST NAIL ENAMEL

CALMON & NEATE LTD, 8 GERRARD ST, W.1



Small Size
Specialty Shop.
Third Floor

Suits for Spring

This model has been selected from our collection of Suits for the Small Size figure. Man-tailored in chalk-stripe suiting. The coat is lined crepe, and the skirt has inverted pleat at back. In French blue, green, grey or navy. Three small sizes **£5**

We are also showing a wonderful range of Suits and Tailor-mades for the Stock Size and Fuller Figures.

Swan & Edgar LTD.
Piccadilly Circus, W.1



"now or never"
included in the new spring collection—a suit with cape and skirt in black contrasted with clover jacket, also other colours 7½ guineas. Write or 'phone for the latest catalogue and details of credit plan. quote reference tx 100

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Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. All Chemists & Dr. Scholl's Depots 1/3 per bottle
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MATCHMAKING MAXIM

DORVILLE MODEL

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match
both
skirt
and
shoes*



*and that's what
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK
STOCKINGS 3/11 TO 10/6

Aristoc's matchmaking maxim gives you a new rule for leg loveliness. For Aristoc shades, blended to match both skirt and shoes, fit into the most diverse colour schemes. For example here are just two Aristoc Spring 'matches' and there are dozens of others awaiting you in the nearest stocking shop.

SKIRT AND SHOE COLOURS	ARISTOC SHADE
Black, strong blues and violets	'BEIGE MAUVE'
Chartreuse, and green/yellows	'SUNGLORY'

Incidentally, when you buy Aristoc, you can concentrate on this delightful business of matchmaking. For all the sterner stocking qualities of long life, soap-sud vitality and colour-fastness are implicit in the word Aristoc.

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lowers vitality—
build up
RESISTANCE
with
BRAND'S
ESSENCE

2/6 2/9 3/- at all chemists

EPFT 138



"Excuse me, Sir, but is everything all right?"

"Hawkins, what the devil are you getting at?"

"Well, Sir, we heard the thumps coming from your bedroom, and a certain amount of plaster has fallen on the breakfast table. We feared you were walking in your sleep."

"That's all right, Hawkins. I was only indulging in a spot of exercise."

"Er—yes, Sir. Of course."

"Don't look so disbelieving. I know I was out rather late last night, but what of it? I've found a new drink. I've discovered gin and Rose's Lime Juice."

"I trust you found it palatable, Sir."

"Gosh, mum, it's scrumptious, as those remarkable small boys say in the advertisements. In fact, this gin and Rose's is not too bad at all."

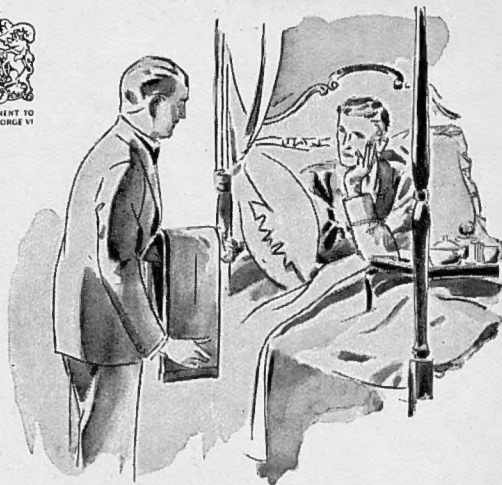
"It has certainly left you in excellent spirits, Sir. No—er—morning after, if I may judge from appearances."

"You're positively seething with intuition this morning, Hawkins. And now, action, if you please. Obtain numerous bottles of this Rose's Lime Juice. And do it now."

"I will, Sir. I had already made a mental note to that effect."

Ask for **GIN** and **ROSE'S**

Short drink—2 parts Rose's 3 parts Gin.
Long drink—add soda.



I'm afraid, sir, that we shall have to be thinking of some new suits.

Can't think of it yet, Victor. We shall just have to bear with our shiny serge and tattered tweeds.

Might I suggest, sir, a less expensive tailor? I have heard of one who cuts, just so, sir; tailored and finished not a stone's throw from your own—for a mere nine guineas. Bernard Weatherill, sir.

Victor, we are not amused. Here I've been paying thirteen guineas for a suit and all the time you could have saved me four guineas a throw. Get on the telephone, at once.

Bernard Weatherill tailors and finishes a perfectly cut hand-sewn suit from 9 guineas at 55 Conduit Street

Bernard Weatherill

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

81 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4, also at Birmingham: 11 Bennetts Hill

Lips by Lenthéric



Miss Mamaine Paget wears Lenthéric's Deep Orchid

Lenthéric makes the subtler lipsticks for today.

Colours are vivid and yet soft, and most precisely created for the season's fashion shades. Important is the fact that Lenthéric lipsticks do not change colour on the lips. Texture is very fine, not dry or greasy.

With the fuchsia shades, and with black, wear DEEP ORCHID—red with an echo of blue—unbelievably becoming.

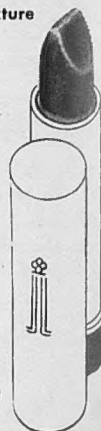
For the pink and white, dresden-china effect, wear HUNTING PINK—clear red—without orange, without blue—gay as its name!

With the new rich reds, wear Lenthéric's matching BURGUNDY—a colour like wine held to the light.

Black and gold case: 5/6. White cases: 4/6 and 2/6.

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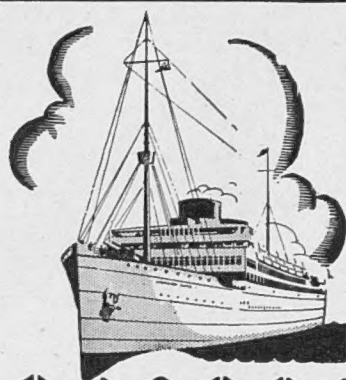
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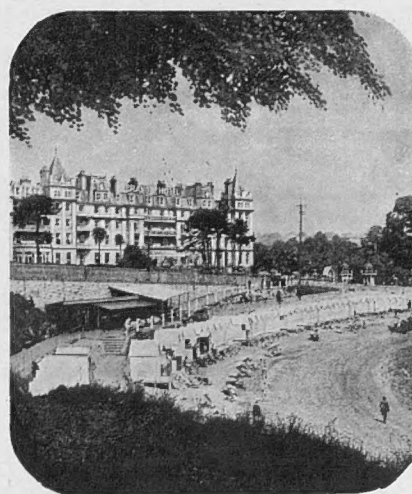
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